PLAYS AND POEMS

WRITTEN BY

T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

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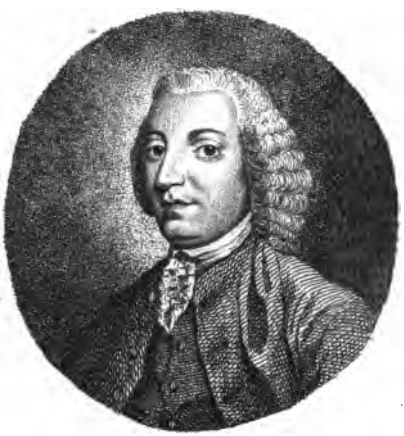
WITH MEMOIRS OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. EVANS, IN THE STRAND,

AND

R. BALDWIN, IN PATER-NOSTER ROW.

M DCC LXXVII.

1777

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THE

LIFE

OF

T. SMOLLETT. M.D.

DR. Tobias Smollett, an author whose writings will transmit his name with honour to posterity, and whose virtues as a man deserve to be commemorated, was born about the year 1720 *, at a small village, within two miles of Cameron, on the banks of the river Leven †. He appears to have received a classical education, and was bred to the practice of physic and surgery. It is a trite remark, that the lives of authors are little more than an enumeration and account of their works; they are generally so deficient in incident, that, after a compleat catalogue of their writings is produced, nothing more can be added, except the times of their births

* See his Travels through France and Italy, Vol. I. p. 177; he speaks of his age in the year 1763, thus: "Annum ætatis post quadragesimum tertium."

† Humphry Clinker, Vol. III. p. 41.

and

and deaths. If fame is in the leaſt to be depended upon, this obſervation will not apply to Dr. Smollett. It is ſaid, and probably with ſome truth, that the chief incidents in the early part of his life were given to the public in one of the firſt and beſt of his productions, the novel of Roderick Random; however, whether that report is well founded or not, certain it is that he was at the ſiege of Carthagena in the capacity of a ſurgeon, or ſurgeon's mate, and in the before-mentioned novel has given a faithful, though no very pleaſing, account of the management of that ill-conducted expedition which he cenſures in the warmeſt terms, and from circumſtances which fell under his own particular obſervation *. His connection with the ſea ſeems not to have had a long continuance, and it is probable that he wrote ſeveral pieces before he became known to the public by his capital productions. The firſt piece we know of with certainty is a Satire in two parts, printed firſt in the year 1746 and 1747,

* Dr. Smollett is ſuppoſed to have been the editor of "A Compendium of authentic Voyages, digeſted in a Chronological Series," 7 vol. 12mo. publiſhed in 1756; amongſt which is inſerted a ſhort narrative of the expedition to Carthagena, 1741; written with great ſpirit, but abounding with too much acrimony. This narrative we conceive to be a production written by the ſuppoſed editor.

and

and now reprinted in this collection of his poetical pieces †.

Very early in life (at the age of eighteen) he wrote a tragedy intitled The Regicide, founded on the ſtory of the aſſaſſination of James I. of Scotland. In the Preface to the publication of this piece, by ſubſcription in the year 1749, he bitterly exclaimed againſt falſe patrons, and the duplicity of theatrical managers. The warmth and impetuoſity of his temper hurried him on this occaſion into unjuſt reflections againſt the late Lord Lyttelton, and Mr. David Garrick; the character of the former he ſatiriſed in his novel of Peregrine Pickle, and he added a burleſque of the monody written by that nobleman on the death of his Lady. Againſt Mr. Garrick he made illiberal ill-founded criticiſms, and in his novel of Roderick Random, gave a very unfair repreſentation of his treatment of him reſpecting this tragedy. Of this conduct he afterwards repented and acknowledged his errors, though in the ſubſequent editions of the novel, the paſſages which

† See p. 203.—About this period, or ſome time before, he wrote for Mr. Rich an opera, intitled Alceſte, which has never been performed nor printed. The muſic to it was compoſed by Mr. Handel, who finding that no uſe was intended to be made of it, afterwards adapted it to Mr. Dryden's leſſer Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day. *Hawkins's Hiſtory of Muſic*, Vol. I. p. 28. Vol. V. p. 324.

were the hasty effusions of disappointment, are not as we think they should have been omitted. Desirous, however, of "doing justice in a work of truth "for wrongs done in a work of fiction" (to use his own expression) in giving a sketch of the liberal arts in his History of England, he remarked, "the exhi- "bitions of the stage were improved to the most "exquisite entertainment by the talents and ma- "nagement of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all "his predecessors of this and perhaps every other "nation in his genius for acting, in the sweetness "and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of "his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the "elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of "expression.

"Candidates for literary fame appeared even in "the higher sphere of life embellished by the ner- "vous sense and extensive erudition of a Corke, "by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and "tender feelings of a Lyttelton."

Not satisfied with this *public* declaration of his sentiments, he wrote in still stronger terms to Mr. Garrick;

"DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, Jan. 27, 1762.

"I this morning received your Winter's Tale, "and am agreeably flattered by this mark of your "attention.

" attention. What I have ſaid of Mr. Garrick in
" the Hiſtory of England was, I proteſt, the lan-
" guage of my heart. I ſhall rejoice if he thinks
" I have done him barely juſtice. I am ſure the
" Public will think I have done no more than
" juſtice. In giving a ſhort ſketch of the libera[l]
" arts, I could not, with any propriety, forbear
" mentioning a gentleman ſo eminently diſtinguiſh-
" ed by a genius that has no rival. Beſides I thought
" it was a duty incumbent on me in particular to
" make a public attonement in a work of truth for
" wrongs done him in a work of fiction.

" Among the other inconveniences ariſing from
" ill-health, I deeply regret my being diſabled from
" a perſonal cultivation of your good will, and
" the unſpeakable enjoyment I ſhould ſometimes
" derive from your private converſation as well as
" from the public exertion of your talents; but ſe-
" queſtered as I am from the world of entertain-
" ment the conſciouſneſs of ſtanding well in your
" opinion will ever afford ſingular ſatisfaction to

" DEAR SIR,

" YOUR VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

" T. SMOLLETT."

In the year 1757, Dr. Smollett's Comedy of the Repriſals, an after-piece of two acts, was performed at Drury-lane theatre. He acknowledged himſelf

" highly obliged for the friendly care of Mr. G. " exerted in preparing it for the ſtage; and ſtill " more, for his acting the part of Luſignan, in " Zara, for his benefit, on the ſixth inſtead of the " ninth night, to which he was only intitled by the " cuſtom of the theatre." Being informed attempts had been made to embroil him on this occaſion with Mr. G. he wrote to that gentleman:

" SIR,

" Underſtanding from Mr. Derrick that ſome " officious people have circulated reports in my " name with a view to prejudice me in your opi- " nion, I, in juſtice to myſelf, take the liberty to " aſſure you, that if any perſon accuſes me of hav- " ing ſpoken diſreſpectfully of Mr. Garrick, of " having hinted that he ſolicited for my farce, or " had intereſted views in bringing it upon the ſtage, " he does me wrong, upon the word of a gentleman. " The imputation is altogether falſe and malicious. " Excluſive of other conſiderations, I could not be " ſuch an ideot to talk in that ſtrain when my own " intereſt ſo immediately required a different ſort of " conduct. Perhaps the ſame inſidious methods " have been taken to inflame former animoſities, " which, on my part, are forgotten and ſelf-con- " demned. I muſt own you have acted in this af- " fair of the farce with that candour, openneſs,

" and

"and cordiality, which even mortify my pride "while they lay me under the moſt ſenſible obliga- "tion; and I ſhall not reſt ſatisfied until I have an "opportunity to convince Mr. Garrick that my "gratitude is at leaſt as warm as any other of my "paſſions. Mean while I profeſs myſelf,

"SIR,

"YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT,

"T. SMOLLETT *."

In the year 1748 he publiſhed his novel of Roderick Random, a book which ſtill continues to have a moſt extenſive ſale, and firſt eſtabliſhed the Doctor's reputation. All the firſt volume, and the beginning of the ſecond, appear to conſiſt of real incident and character, though certainly a good deal heightened and diſguiſed. The judge, his grandfather, Crab and Potion, the two apothecaries, and 'Squire Gawkey, were characters well known in that part of the kingdom where the ſcene was laid. Captains Oakhum and Whiffle, Doctors Mackſhane and Morgan, were alſo ſaid to be real perſonages; but their names we have either never learned, or have now forgotten. A bookbinder

* A friend of Dr. Smollett's, deſirous of evincing that he was capable of retracting his prejudices, and that his gratitude was equally warm with any other of his paſſions, prevailed on Mr. Garrick to permit the Editor to take copies of the foregoing letters from ſeveral others he had written to Mr. Garrick.

and barber long eagerly contended for being shadowed under the name of Strap. The Doctor seems to have enjoyed a peculiar felicity in describing sea characters, particularly the officers and sailors of the navy. His Trunnion, Hatchway, and Pipes, are highly-finished originals; but what exceeds them all, and perhaps equals any character that has yet been painted by the happiest genius of ancient or modern times, is his Lieutenant Bowling. This is indeed nature itself; original, *unique*, and *sui generis*. As well as the ladder of promotion, his very name has long become proverbial for an honest blunt seaman, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world.

By the publication of that work the Doctor had acquired so great a reputation, that henceforth a certain degree of success was insured to every thing known or suspected to proceed from his hand. In the course of a few years the adventures of Peregrine Pickle appeared *; a work of great ingenuity and and contrivance in the composition, and in which an uncommon degree of erudition is displayed, particularly in the description of the entertainment given by the Republican Doctor, after the manner of the ancients. Under this personage the late Dr. Akenside, author of a famous poem, intitled, The Pleasures of the Imagination, is sup-

* 1751.

posed

posed to be typified; and it would be difficult to determine whether profound learning or genuine humour predominate most in this episode. Butler and Smollett seem to be the only two who have united things, seemingly so discordant, happily together; for Hudibras is one of the most learned works in any language; and it requires no common share of reading, assisted with a good memory, thoroughly to relish and understand it. Another episode of The Adventures of a Lady of Quality, likewise inserted in this work, contributed greatly to its success, and is indeed admirably well executed. Yet, after giving all due praise to the merit and invention displayed in Peregrine Pickle, we cannot help thinking it is inferior, in what may be called *naïveté*, a a thing better conceived than expressed, to Roderick Random.

These were not the only original compositions of this stamp with which the Doctor has favoured the public. Ferdinand Count Fathom * and Sir Launcelot Greaves ‡, are still in the list of what may be called reading novels; but there is no injustice in placing them in a rank far below the former. No doubt invention, character, composition, and contrivance, are to be found in both; but then situations are de-

* Published in the year 1754.

‡ First printed in the British Magazine, and afterwards in 2 vols. 12mo, 1762.

ſcribed which are hardly poſſible, and characters are painted, which, if not altogether unexampled, are at leaſt incompatable with modern manners; and which ought not to be, as the ſcenes are laid in modern times.

The laſt work which the Doctor publiſhed, was of much the ſame ſpecies, but caſt into a different form—The Expedition of Humphry Clinker *. It conſiſts of a ſeries of letters, written by different perſons to their reſpective correſpondents. He has here carefully avoided the faults which may be juſtly charged to his two former productions. Here are no extravagant characters, nor unnatural ſituations. On the contrary, an admirable knowledge of life and manners is diſplayed; and moſt uſeful leſſons are given applicable to intereſting, but to very common ſituations.

We know not that ever the remark has been made, but there is certainly a very obvious ſimilitude between the characters of the three heroes of the Doctor's chief productions. Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Matthew Bramble, are all brothers of the ſame family. The ſame ſatirical, cynical diſpoſition, the ſame generoſity and benevolence, are the diſtinguiſhing and characteriſtical

* Printed in 3 vols. 1771.

features

features of all three; but they are far from being servile copies or imitations of each other. They differ as much as the Ajax, Diomed, and Achilles of Homer. This was undoubtedly a great effort of genius; and the Doctor seems to have described his own character at the different stages and situations of his life.

Before he took a house at Chelsea, he attempted to settle as practitioner of physic at Bath; and, with that view, wrote a treatise on the waters *; but was unsuccessful, chiefly because he could not render himself agreeable to the women, whose favour is certainly of great consequence to all candidates for eminence, whether in medicine or divinity. This, however, was a little extraordinary; for those who remembered Dr. Smollett at that time, cannot but acknowledge that he was as graceful and handsome a man as any of the age he lived in; besides, there was a certain dignity in his air and manner which could not but inspire respect wherever he appeared. Perhaps he was too soon discouraged; in all probability, had he persevered, a man of his

* Intitled, "An Essay on the external Use of Water, in a Letter "to Dr. ——, with particular Remarks upon the present Method of "using the Mineral Waters at Bath, in Somersetshire, and a Plan "for rendering them more safe, agreeable, and efficacious." Quarto. 1752.

great

great learning, profound ſagacity, and intenſe application, beſides being endued with every other external as well as internal accompliſhment, muſt have at laſt ſucceeded, and, had he attained to common old age, been at the head of his profeſſion.

Abandoning phyſic altogether as a profeſſion, he fixed his reſidence at Chelſea, and turned his thoughts entirely to writing. Yet, as an author, he was not near ſo ſucceſsful as his happy genius and acknowledged merit certainly deſerved. He never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favour or beneficence, relieved him from the neceſſity of writing for a ſubſiſtence. The truth is, Dr. Smollett poſſeſſed a loftineſs and elevation of ſentiment and character which appears to have diſqualified him from currying favour among thoſe who were able to confer favours. It would be wrong to call this diſpoſition of his, pride or haughtineſs; for to his equals and inferiors he was ever polite, friendly, and generous. Bookſellers may therefore be ſaid to have been his only patrons; and from them he had conſtant employment in tranſlating, compiling, and reviewing. He tranſlated Gil Blas and Don Quixote *, both ſo happily, that all the former tranſlations of theſe excellent

* Printed in 4to. 2 vols. 1755. Since his death a tranſlation of Telemachus has alſo appeared.

pro-

productions of genius are in a fair way of being superseded by his. His name likewise appears to a translation of Voltaire's prose works, but little of it was done by his own hand; he only revised it, and added a few notes. He was concerned in great variety of compilations. His History of England * was the principal work of that kind. It has in itself real intrinsic merit; but, considering the time and circumstances in which it was written, it is indeed a prodigy of genius, and a great effort of application. It had a most extensive sale, and the Doctor is said to received £ 2000, for writing it and the Continuation. He was employed, during the last years of his life, in preparing a new edition of the Ancient and Modern Universal History, great part of which he had originally written himself, particularly the Histories of France, Italy, and Germany. He lived nearly to compleat this work, and it is said it will soon be published.

In the year 1755 he set on foot the Critical Review, and continued the principal manager of it, till he went abroad for the first time in the year 1763. To speak impartially, he was, perhaps, too acrimonious sometimes in the conduct of that work, and at the same time too sore, and displayed too much sensibility when any of the unfortunate au-

* First printed in 4 vols. 4to. 1757.

thors

thors whoſe works he had, it may be, juſtly cenſured, attempted to retaliate.

Among other controverſies which his engagements in this publication involved him, the moſt material in its conſequences was that which was occaſioned by his remarks on a pamphlet publiſhed by Admiral Knowles. That gentleman, in defence of his conduct, on the expedition to Rochfort, publiſhed a vindication of himſelf, which falling under the Doctor's examination, produced ſome very ſevere ſtrictures both on the performance as well as on the character of the writer of it. The Admiral immediately commenced a proſecution againſt the printer; declaring, at the ſame time, that he deſired only to be informed who the writer was, that, if he proved to be a gentleman, he might obtain the ſatisfaction of one from him. In this affair the Doctor behaved both with prudence and with ſpirit. Deſirous of compromiſing the diſpute with the Admiral in an amicable manner, he applied to his friend Mr. Wilkes, to interpoſe his good offices with his opponent, in the following letter:

" DEAR

"DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, March 24, 1759.

"*Ecce iterum Crispinus.*—Your generosity with "respect to Johnson * shall be the theme of our "applause and thanksgiving. I shall be very proud "to find myself comprehended in your league of-"fensive and defensive; nay, I consider myself al-"ready as a contracting party, and have recourse "to the assistance of my allies. It is not, I be-"lieve, unknown to you that Admiral Knowles "has taken exception at a paragraph in the Critical "Review of last May, and commenced a prosecu-"tion against the printer. Now, whatever termi-"nation the trial may have, we shall infallibly be "exposed to a considerable expence, and therefore "I wish to see the prosecution quashed. Some "gentlemen, who are my friends, have undertaken "to find out, and talk with those who are supposed "to have influence with the said Admiral: may I "beg the same favour of you and your friends? "The trial will come on in the beginning of May, "and, if the affair cannot be compromised, we intend "to kick up a dust, and die hard. In a word, if "that foolish Admiral has any regard to his own

* Mr. Wilkes, at the intercession of Dr. Smollett, had procured the liberty of Dr. Johnson's servant, who had been impressed.

"cha-

"character he will be quiet, rather than provoke "further the resentment of,

"DEAR SIR, &c.

"T. SMOLLETT."

The Admiral continued inflexible; and just as sentence was going to be pronounced against the printer, the Doctor came into court, avowed himself the author of the Strictures, and declared himself ready to give Mr. Knowles any satisfaction he chose. The Admiral immediately commenced a fresh action against the Doctor, who was found guilty, fined £ 100, and condemned to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench. It is there he is said to have written The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, in which he has described some remarkable characters, then his fellow-prisoners.

From the commencement of the Review, Dr. Smollett was always considered as the author of it: by this means he became frequently censured on account of articles in which he had no concern. On the publication of the Rosciad, the author, considering himself and some of his friends as very injuriously treated in the Review of that work, and imagining Dr. Smollett the author of the offensive article,

cle, retorted with great ſpirit in his excellent poem intituled An Apology to the Critical Reviewers, it appears however he was miſtaken in his ſuſpicion; for Dr. Smollett hearing that Mr. Colman had alſo accuſed him of having made an attack on his moral character in the Review, the Doctor exculpated himſelf from the charge, in a letter to Mr. G.

"DEAR SIR,

Chelſea, April 5, 1761.

"I ſee Mr. Colman has taken offence at the ar-
"ticle in the Critical Review which treats of the
"Roſciad, and I underſtand he ſuſpected me to be
"author of that article. Had he aſked me the
"queſtion I ſhould have freely told him I was not
"the author of the offenſive article, and readily
"contributed to any decent ſcheme which might
"have been propoſed for his ſatisfaction: but, as
"he has appealed to the public, I ſhall leave him
"and the real author to ſettle the affair between
"themſelves, and content myſelf with declaring to
"you, and that upon my honour, that I did not
"write one word of the article upon the Roſciad;
"that I have no ill-will nor envy to Mr. Colman,
"whom I have always reſpected as a man of genius,
"and whoſe genius I ſhall always be ready and

"pleased to acknowledge either in private or public.
"I envy no man of merit, and I can safely say I
"do not even repine at the success of those who
"have no merit. I am old enough to have seen
"and observed that we are all play-things of for-
"tune; and that it depends upon something as in-
"significant and precarious as the tossing up of a
"halfpenny, whether a man rises to affluence and
"honours, or continues to his dying day struggling
"with the difficulties and disgraces of life. I de-
"sire to live quietly with all mankind, and if pos-
"sible to be upon good terms with all those who
"have distinguished themselves by their extraor-
"dinary merit. I must own that if I had examin-
"ed the article upon the Rosciad before it was sent
"to the press I should have put my negative on
"some expressions in it, though I cannot see in it
"any reflection to the prejudice of Mr. Colman's
"moral character; but I have been so hurried since
"my enlargement that I had not time to write
"one article in the Critical Review, except that
"upon Bower's History, and perhaps I shall not
"write another these six months. That hurry
"and a bad state of health have prevented me
"from returning in person the visit you favoured
"me with in the King's Bench. I beg you will
"accept this letter in lieu of it, and believe that

"no man respects Mr. Garrick more than he is "respected by his obliged humble servant

"T. SMOLLETT."

Besides these many other disputes arose with different writers who considered themselves injured by the severity of the Doctor's criticisms; indeed it may be affirmed that seldom a month passed without a complaint on that head, and those not often couched in the most decent terms. But whatever reason he had to complain on that account, he soon after found that the revenge of an author was nothing compared to the rancour of the politician. In the year 1762 Lord Bute took the reins of government into his hands. His promotion was attended with many unpopular measures, great dissatisfaction arose amongst many orders of men, and his lordship found it necessary to employ some able writers to palliate and defend the steps which had led to his advancement. Amongst others Dr. Smollett was pitched upon, and he entered on the task appointed for him with great spirit. In defence of his patron he immediately began a weekly paper which he called The Briton. The first number made its appearance on the 29th of May, 1762, and was immediately followed by the publication of the North Briton, which in the end entirely routed

its antagoniſt, and diſſolved the friendſhip which had long ſubſiſted between the authors of the reſpective performances *. The Briton continued to be publiſhed until the 12th of Februrary, 1763, when it was laid down; and very ſoon after the perſon, in whoſe defence it was ſet on foot, finding the ſtream of popular diſcontent too ſtrong to be reſiſted, relinquiſhed the poſt which had excited ſo much envy and clamour, and on his reſignation it is ſaid entirely neglected all the perſons whom he

* Two months before the firſt number of the Briton appeared, Dr. Smollett wrote the following letter to Mr. Wilkes:

"DEAR SIR,

Chelſea, March 28, 1762.

"My warmeſt regard, affection and attachment, you have long "ago ſecured. My ſecrecy you may depend upon §.—When I pre-"ſume to differ from you in any point of opinion, I ſhall always do "it with diffidence and deference. I have been ill theſe three "months, but hope ſoon to be in a condition to pay my reſpects to "Mr. Wilkes in perſon. Mean while, I muſt beg leave to trouble "him with another packet, which he will be ſo good as to conſecrate "at his leiſure. That he may continue to enjoy his happy flow of "ſpirits, and proceed through life with a flowing ſail of proſperity "and reputation, is the wiſh and the hope, and the confident ex-"pectation of

"HIS MUCH OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

"T. SMOLLETT."

§ Relative to Mr. Wilkes's obſervations on the Spaniſh papers.

had

had employed to write for him. Besides the Briton Dr. Smollet is supposed to have written other pieces in support of the cause he espoused. The Adventures of an Atom, in two volumes, are known to be his productions.

His constitution being at last greatly impaired by a sedentary life, and assiduous application to study, he went abroad for his health in the month of June 1763, and continued in France and Italy two years. He wrote an account of his travels in a series of letters to some friends, which were afterwards published in two volumes, octavo, 1766. During all that time he appears to have laboured under a constant fit of chagrin *. But the state of his mind will

* A very slight perusal of these letters will sufficiently evince that this observation is founded in fact, and is indeed a melancholy instance of the influence of bodily distemper over the best disposition. To this cynical relation of his Travels Mr. Sterne is supposed to allude, in the following passage of his Sentimental Journey, vol. I, p. 86. "The learned Smelfungus travelled from Bologne to Paris— "from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen "and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured and "distorted—He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but "the account of his miserable feelings.—I met Smelfungus in the "grand portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it.— "It is nothing but a huge cockpit,' "said he."—'I wish you had said "nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis,' "replied I—for in passing "through Florence I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess,

will be best learned from himself. Thus he writes in his first letter: "In gratifying your curiosity I "shall find some amusement to beguile the tedious "hours; which without some such employment, "would be rendered insupportable by distemper "and disquiet. You knew and pitied my situa- "tion, traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, "abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by "the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was not in "the power of fortune to repair." By this domestic calamity he means the loss of his only child, a daughter, whom he loved with the tenderest affection. The Doctor, after his return to his native country, finding his health continuing to decline, and meeting with fresh mortifications and disappointments, he went back to Italy, where he died on October the 21st, 1771, and since his death a monument hath been erected to his memory near Leghorn, on which is inscribed the following epitaph written

"and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least "provocation in nature.—I popped upon Smelfungus again at Tu- "rin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures "had he to tell,—wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and "field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the Anthropo- "phagi—He had been flayed alive, and bedeviled, and worse used "than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at.—'I'll tell it,' "cried Smelfungus," 'to the world.'—'You had better tell it,' "said I," 'to your physician.'

by

by his friend Dr. Armstrong, author of The Art of Preserving Health, and many other excellent pieces.

Hic ossa conduntur
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, Scoti;
Qui, prosapia generosa et antiqua natus,
Priscæ virtutis exemplar emicuit;
Aspectu ingenuo,
Corpore valido,
Pectore animoso,
Indole apprime benigna,
Et fere supra facultatis munifica,
Insignis.
Ingenio feraci, faceto, versatili,
Omnigenæ fore doctrinæ mire capaci,
Varia fabularum dulcedine
Vitam mores que hominum,
Ubertate summa ludens, depinxit.
Adverso, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno,
Nisi quo satyræ opipare supplebat,
Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,
Quo musæ vix nisi nothæ
Mecænatulis Britannicis
Fovebantur.
In memoriam
Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
Permultis amicis desiderati,
Hocce marmor,
Dilectissima simul et amantissima conjux,
L. M.
Sacravit.

It would be needleſs to expatiate on the character of a man ſo well known as Dr. Smollett, who has beſides

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH

ON

DR. SMOLLETT.

Here
Reſt the remains
of
TOBIAS SMOLLETT,
A North Briton,
Who, ſprung
From an ancient and reſpectable family,
Shone forth an example
Of the virtues of former times.
Of an ingenuous countenance,
And manly make.
With a breaſt animated by the juſteſt ſpirit,
He was eminently diſtinguiſhed
For great benevolence of temper,
And a generoſity even above his fortune.
His wit had every character
Of fertile inventiveneſs,
Of true pleaſantry,
Of flexibility to every ſubject,
From his aptneſs and wonderful capacity
For every kind of learning.
The exerciſe of theſe talents
Produced a variety of pleaſing fictions,

In

besides given so many strictures of his own character and manner of living in his writings, particular-

In which
With great exuberance of fancy
and true humour
He laughed at and described
The lives and manners of men,
While
(Shameful to relate!)
This genius
This honour to his country,
Met with nothing
In these abandoned, worthless, insipid times
But what was unfavourable to him
Except indeed
Their abundance of supply to his pen
Of matter of satire;
Times!
In which
Hardly any literary merit
But such as was in the most false or futile taste
Received encouragement
From the paltry mock Mecænases of Britain!
In honour to the memory
Of this most worthy and amiable
Member of society
Sincerely regretted by many friends
This monument
Was by his much beloved and affectionate wife
Dutifully and deservedly
Consecrated.

ly

ly in Humphry Clinker *; where he appears under the appellation of Mr. Serle †, and has an interview with Mr. Bramble; and his manner of living is described in another letter, where young Melford is supposed to dine with him at his house in Chelsea ‡. No doubt he made a great deal of money by his connections with booksellers; and had he been a rigid œconomist, or endued with the gift of retention, (an expression of his own) he might have lived and died very independent. However, to do justice to his memory, his difficulties, whatever they were, proceeded not from extravagace, or want of œconomy. He was hospitable, but not ostentatiously so; and his table was plentiful, but not extravagant. No doubt he had his failings; but still it would be difficult to name a man who was so respectable for the qualities of his head, or amiable for the virtues of his heart.

* In the Dedication of Count Fathom to Dr. ——, by which he meant himself, he has drawn his own character.

† Vol. I. p. 139. ‡ Vol. II. p. 14.

IN-

INSCRIPTION

ON THE PILLAR

LATELY ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

Dr. TOBIAS SMOLLETT,

ON THE BANKS OF THE LEVEN.

Siste viator!
Si lepores ingeniique venam benignam,
Si morum callidissimum pictorem,
Unquam es miratus,
Immorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M.D.
Viri virtutibus hisce
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes et imiteris,
Haud mediocriter ornati:
Qui in literis variis versatus,
Postquam felicitate sibi propria
Sese posteris commendaverat,
Morte acerba raptus
Anno ætatis 51
Eheu! quam procul a patria!
Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
Jacet sepultus.
Tali tantoque viro, patrueli suo,

Cui

Cui in decurſu Lampada
Se potius tradidiſſe decuit,
Hanc Columnam,
Amoris, eheu! inane monumentum,
In ipſis Leviniæ ripis,
Quas verſiculis ſub exitu vitæ illuſtratas,
Primis infans vagitibus perſonuit,
Ponendam curavit
JACOBUS SMOLLETT de Bonhill.
Abi et reminiſcere,
Hoc quidem honore,
Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
Verum etiam exemplo, proſpectum eſſe;
Aliis enim, ſi modo digni ſint,
Idem erit virtutis præmium!

TRANSLATION OF THE INSCRIPTION

ON

DR. SMOLLETT.

Stay, traveller!
If elegance of taſte and wit,
If fertility of genius,
And an unrivalled talent
In delineating the characters of mankind,
Have ever attracted thy admiration,
Pauſe awhile
On the memory of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

One

One more than commonly indued with those virtues
Which in a man and a citizen
You would praise, or imitate.
Who,
Having secured the applause
Of posterity,
By a variety of literary abilities,
And a peculiar felicity of composition,
Was,
By a rapid and cruel distemper,
Snatched from this world in the 51st year of his age.
Far, alas! from his country,
He lies interred near Leghorn, in Italy.
In testimony of his many and great virtues,
This empty monument,
The only pledge, alas! of his affection,
Is erected
On the Banks of the Leven,
The scene of his birth and of his latest poetry,
By JAMES SMOLLETT, of Bonhill,
His cousin;
Who should rather have expected this last tribute from him.
Go, and remember
This honour was not given alone to the memory of the deceased,
But for the encouragement of others:
Deserve like him, and be alike rewarded.

CONTENTS.

THE REGICIDE;

OR,

JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND;

A

TRAGEDY.

PREFACE.

WHATEVER reluctance I have to trouble the public, with a detail of the mortifications I have ſuffered, in my attempts to bring the enſuing performance on the ſtage, I think it a duty incumbent upon me, to declare my reaſons for preſenting it in this extraordinary manner; and, if the explanation ſhall be found either tedious or trifling, I hope the candid reader will charge my impertinence upon thoſe who drove me to the neceſſity of making ſuch an ineffectual appeal.

Beſides, I flatter myſelf, that a fair repreſentation of the uſage I have met with, will be as a beacon, to caution other inexperienced authors againſt the inſincerity of managers, to which they might otherwiſe become egregious dupes; and, after a cajoling

dream of good fortune, wake in all the aggravation of disappointment.

Although I claim no merit from having finished a Tragedy at the age of eighteen, I cannot help thinking myself intitled to some share of indulgence, for the humility, industry and patience I have exerted during a period of ten years, in which this unfortunate production hath been exposed to the censure of critics of all degrees; and in consequence of their several opinions, altered, and (I hope) amended, times without number.

Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone: but, as early as the year 1739, my play was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men; and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly.

Stung

Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of those suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom.

—Soon after my return, I and my production were introduced to a late Patentee, of courteous memory, who (rest his soul!) found means to amuse me a whole season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year; advising me to make my application more early in the winter, that we might have time to concert such alterations as should be thought necessary for its successful appearance on the stage.—But I did not find my account in following this wholesome advice; for, to me, he was always less and less at leisure. In short, after sundry promises, and numberless evasions, in the course of which he practised upon me the whole art of pro-

craſtination, I demanded his final anſwer, with ſuch obſtinacy and warmth, that he could no longer reſiſt my importunity, and refuſed my Tragedy in plain terms.—Not that he mentioned any material objections to the piece itſelf, but ſeemed to fear my intereſt was not ſufficient to ſupport it in the repreſentation; affirming, that no dramatic compoſition, however perfect, could ſucceed with an Engliſh audience by its own merit only; but muſt entirely depend upon a faction raiſed in its behalf.—Incenſed at this unexpected declaration, I reproached him bitterly for having trifled with me ſo long; and, like my brother Bayes, threatened to carry my performance to the other houſe.

This was actually my intention, when I was given to underſtand by a friend, that a nobleman of great weight had expreſſed an inclination to peruſe it; and that, as intereſt was requiſite, I could not do better than gratify his deſire with all expedition. I committed it accordingly to the care of my counſellor, who undertook to give me a good account of it in leſs than a fortnight: but four months elapſed before I heard any tidings of my play; and then it

was

was retrieved by pure accident (I believe) from the moſt diſhonourable apartment of his lordſhip's houſe.

Enraged at the behaviour of this ſupercilious peer, and exceedingly mortified at the miſcarriage of all my efforts, I wreaked my reſentment upon the innocent cauſe of my diſgraces, and forthwith condemned it to oblivion, where, in all probability, it would have for ever ſlept, like a miſerable abortion, had not a young gentleman of learning and taſte waked my paternal ſenſe, and perſuaded me not only to reſcue it from the tomb, where it had lain two whole years, but alſo to new model the plan, which was imperfect and undigeſted before, and mould it into a regular tragedy, confined within the unities of the drama.

Thus improved, it fell into the hands of a gentleman who had wrote for the ſtage, and happened to pleaſe him ſo much, that he ſpoke of it very cordially to a young nobleman, ſince deceaſed, who, in the moſt generous manner, charged himſelf with the care of introducing it to the public; and, in the

mean time, honoured me with his own remarks, in conformity to which, it was immediately altered, and offered by his lordſhip to the new manager of Drury-lane theatre. It was about the latter end of the ſeaſon when this candid perſonage, to whom I owe many obligations for the exerciſes of patience he has ſet me, received the performance, which, ſome weeks after, he returned, aſſuring my friend that he was pre-engaged to another author, but if I could be prevailed upon to reſerve it till the enſuing winter, he would bring it on.—In the interim, my noble patron left London, whither he was doomed never to return; and the conſcientious manager next ſeaſon, inſtead of fulfilling his own promiſe and my expectation, gratified the town with the production of a player, the fate of which every body knows.

I ſhall leave the reader to make his reflections on this event, and proceed to relate the other particulars of fortune, that attended my unhappy iſſue, which in the ſucceeding ſpring, had the good luck to acquire the approbation of an eminent wit, who propoſed a few amendments, and recomended it to a

perſon,

perſon, by whoſe influence, I laid my account with ſeeing it appear at laſt, with ſuch advantage as ſhould make ample amends for all my diſappointments.

But here too, I reckoned without my hoſt. The maſter of Covent Garden theatre, bluntly rejected it, as a piece altogether unfit for the ſtage; even after he had told me, in preſence of another gentleman, that he believed he ſhould not venture to find fault with any performance which had gained the good opinion of the honourable perſon who approved and recommended my play.

Baffled in every attempt, I renounced all hopes of its ſeeing the light, when a humane lady of quality interpoſed, ſo urgently in its behalf, with my worthy friend the other manager, that he very complaiſantly received it again, and had recourſe to the old myſtery of protraction, which he exerciſed with ſuch ſucceſs, that the ſeaſon was almoſt conſumed, before he could afford it a reading. My patience being by this time quite exhauſted, I deſired a gentleman, who intereſted himſelf in my

concerns, to go and expoſtulate with the vaticide: and indeed, this piece of friendſhip he performed with ſo much zeal, upbraiding him with his evaſive and preſumptuous behaviour, that the ſage politician was enraged at his reprimand; and in the mettle of his wrath, pronounced my play a wretched piece, deficient in language, ſentiment, character, and plan. My friend, who was ſurpriſed at the hardineſs and ſeverity of this ſentence, aſking how he come to change his opinion, which had been more favourable when the tragedy was firſt put into his hands; he anſwered, that his opinion was not altered, neither had he ever uttered an expreſſion in its favour.

This was an unlucky aſſertion—For, the other immediately produced a letter which I had received from the young nobleman two years before, beginning with theſe words——

"Sir, I have received Mr. L——'s anſwer; "who ſays, he thinks your play has indubitable "merit, but has prior promiſes to Mr. T———n, "as an honeſt man, cannot be evaded."——And

concluding thus; "As the manager has promiſed "me the choice of the ſeaſon next year, if you'll "be adviſed by me, reſt it with me."

After having made ſome remarks ſuitable to the occaſion, my friend left him to chew the cud of reflection, the reſult of which was, a meſſage to my patroneſs, importing, (with many expreſſions of duty) that neither the circumſtances of his company, nor the advanced ſeaſon of the year, would permit him to obey her command, but if I would wait till next winter, and during the ſummer, make ſuch alterations as I had agreed to, at a conference with ſome of his principal performers, he would aſſuredly put my play in rehearſal, and in the mean time give me an obligation in writing, for my further ſatisfaction—I would have taken him at his word, without heſitation, but was perſuaded to diſpenſe with the proffered ſecurity, that I might not ſeem to doubt the influence or authority of her ladyſhip.—The play, however, was altered and preſented to this upright director, who renounced his engagement, without the leaſt ſcruple, apology, or reaſon aſſigned.

Thus

Thus have I in the moſt impartial manner, (perhaps too circumſtantially) diſplayed the conduct of thoſe playhouſe managers with whom I have had any concern, relating to my tragedy: and whatever diſputes have happened between the actors and me, are ſuppreſſed as frivolous animoſities unworthy of the reader's attention.

Had I ſuffered a repulſe when I firſt preſented my performance, I ſhould have had cauſe to complain of my being excluded from that avenue to the public favour, which ought to lie open to all men of genius; and how far I deſerve that diſtinction, I now leave the world to decide; after I have, in juſtice to myſelf, declared that my hopes of ſucceſs were not derived from the partial applauſe of my own friends only, but inſpired (as ſome of my greateſt enemies know) by the approbation of perſons of the firſt note in the republic of taſte, whoſe countenance, I vainly imagined, would have been an effectual introduction to the ſtage.

Be that as it will, I hope the unprejudiced obſerver will own, with indignation and diſdain, that every diſappointment I have endured, was an accumulated

mulated injury; and the whole of my adverſary's conduct, a ſeries of the moſt unjuſtifiable equivocation and inſolent abſurdity: for, though he may be excuſable in refuſing a work of this kind, either on account of his ignorance or diſcernment, ſurely, neither the one nor the other can vindicate his diſſimulation and breach of promiſe to the author.

Abuſe of prerogative, in matters of greater importance, prevails ſo much at preſent, and is ſo generally overlooked, that it is almoſt ridiculous to lament the ſituation of authors, who muſt either, at once, forego all opportunities of acquiring reputation in dramatic poetry, or humble themſelves ſo, as to ſoothe the pride, and humour the petulance of a meer Goth, who, by the moſt prepoſterous delegation of power, may become ſole arbiter of this kind of writing.

Nay, granting that a bard is willing to proſtitute his talents ſo ſhamefully, perhaps he may never find an occaſion to practice this vile condeſcenſion to advantage: for, after he has gained admiſſion to a patentee (who is often more difficult of acceſs than a

ſove-

ſovereign prince), and even made ſhift to remove all other objections, an inſurmountable obſtacle may be raiſed by the manager's avarice, which will diſſuade him from hazarding a certain expence on an uncertain iſſue, when he can fill his theatre without running any riſk, or diſobliging his principal actors, by putting them to the trouble of ſtudying new parts.—

Beſides, he will be apt to ſay within himſelf, "If "I muſt entertain the town with variety, it is but "natural that I ſhould prefer the productions of "my friends, or of thoſe who have any friends "worth obliging, to the works of obſcure ſtran-"gers, who have nothing to recommend them but "a doubtful ſuperiority of merit, which, in all like-"lihood, will never riſe in judgment againſt me."

That ſuch have been the reflections of patentees, I believe no man of intelligence and veracity will deny; and I will venture to affirm, that on the ſtrength of intereſt or connection with the ſtage, ſome people have commenced dramatic authors,

who

who otherwiſe would have employed their faculties in exerciſes better adapted to their capacity.

After what has been ſaid, any thing by way of application would be an inſult on the underſtanding of the public, to which I owe and acknowledge the moſt indelible obligation for former favours as well as for the uncommon encouragement I have received in the publication of the following play.

PERSONS

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

KING OF SCOTLAND
ANGUS
DUNBAR
RAMSAY
ATHOL
STUART
GRIME
CATTAN

QUEEN
ELEONORA

Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, a Convent in PERTH.

THE REGICIDE: A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Convent in PERTH.

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

BUT that my duty calls, I would decline
Th' unwelcome office.—Now, when justice waves
Her flaming sword, and loudly claims her due,
Thus to arrest her arm, and offer terms
Of peace to traitors, who avow their crime,
Is to my apprehension weak, and suits
But little with the majesty of kings.——
Why sleeps the wonted valour of our prince?

ANGUS.

Not to th' enſanguin'd field of death alone
Is Valour limited: ſhe ſits ſerene
In the delib'rate council; ſagely ſcans
The ſource of action; weighs, prevents, provides,
And ſcorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone,—
—What frenzy were it
To riſk our fortune on th' unſure event
Of one occurrence, naked as we are
To unforeſeen diſaſter, when the terms
We proffer may retard th' impending blow?
—Better to conquer by delay: the rage
Of Athol's fierce adherents, fluſh'd with hope
Of plunder and revenge, will ſoon abate,
And ev'ry hour bring ſuccour to our cauſe.

DUNBAR.

Well ha'ſt thou taught me, how the piercing eye
Of calm ſagacity, excels the dint
Of headſtrong reſolution.——Yet, my ſoul
Pants for a fair occaſion to revenge
My father's wrongs on Athol's impious head!
Yes, Angus, while the blood of March revolves

Within

Within my veins, the traitor ſhall not find
His perfidy forgot——But what of this?
What are my private injuries, compar'd
To thoſe he meditates againſt the ſtate!
Againſt a prince with ev'ry virtue grac'd
That dignifies the throne, to whom the ties
Of kindred and allegiance could not bind
His faithleſs heart: not ev'n the ſacred bond
Of friendſhip unreſerv'd!—For well thou know'ſt,
The king ſecurely liſt'ned to his voice,
As to an oracle.

ANGUS.

'Twas there indeed
He triumph'd in his guile!—Th' unwary prince,
Sooth'd by his falſe profeſſions, crown'd his guilt
With boundleſs confidence; and little thought
That very confidence ſupply'd his foe
With means to ſhake his throne!—While Athol led
His royal kinſman thro' the dang'rous path
Of ſudden reformation, and obſerv'd
What murmurs iſſu'd from the giddy croud.
Each popular commotion he improv'd
By ſecret miniſters; and diſavow'd
Thoſe very meaſures he himſelf deviſed!

Thus cherish'd long by his flagitious arts,
Rebellion glow'd in secret, 'till at length
His scheme mature, and all our loyal thanes
At their own distant homes repos'd secure,
The flame burst out.—Now from his native hills,
With his accomplice Grime, and youthful heir,
Impet'ous Stuart, like a sounding storm
He rushes down with five revolting clans;
Displays a spurious title to the crown,
Arraigns the justice of this monarch's sway,
And by this sudden torrent, means, no doubt,
To sweep him from the throne.

DUNBAR.

Aspiring villain!
A fit associate has he chose: a wretch
Of soul more savage breathes not vital air,
Than Grime:—but Stuart 'till of late, maintain'd
A fairer fame.

ANGUS.

A cherish'd hope expires
In his dishonour too!—While Stuart's ear
Was deaf to vicious counsel, and his soul
Remained unshaken, by th' enchanting lure

Which

Which vain ambition ſpread before his eye,
He bloom'd the pride of Caledonia's youth,
In virtue, valour and external grace:—
For thou ſole rival of his fame, wa'ſt train'd
To martial deeds, in climes remote.

DUNBAR.

O Thane!
Whatever wreaths from danger's ſteely creſt
My ſword hath won; whatever toils ſuſtain'd
Beneath the ſultry noon, and cold, damp night
Could ne'er obtain for me one genial ſmile
Of her, who bleſs' that happy rival's vows
With mutual love!——Why ſhould I dread to own
The tender throbbings of my captive heart!
The melting paſſion which has long inſpir'd
My breaſt for Eleonora, and implore
A parent's ſanction to ſupport my claim?

ANGUS.

Were ſhe more fair and gentle than ſhe is,
And to my partial eye, nought e'er appear'd
So gently fair, I would approve thy claim
To her peculiar ſmiles.

DUNBAR.

Then will I ſtrive
With unremitted ardour, to ſubdue
Her coy reluctance; while I ſcorn the threats
Of frantic jealouſy that flames unrein'd
In Stuart's breaſt!——But ſee! the fair one comes,
In all the pride of dazzling charms array'd.

SCENE II.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Something of moment, by a freſh diſpatch
Imparted to the king, requires in haſte
The preſence of my ſire,

ANGUS.

Forbear a while
Thy parly with the foe; and here attend
Our conſultation's iſſue.—

[*Exit Angus.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ill it ſuits
A ſoldier's tongue, to plead the cauſe of love,
In phraſe adapted to the tender theme:
But truſt me, beauteous wonder! when I ſwear
Not the keen impulſe, and impatient hope
Of glory, glowing in the warrior's breaſt,
With more awak'ned tranſport, fill'd my ſoul
When the fierce battle rag'd, than that I feel
At thy approach!—My tongue has oft reveal'd
The dictates of my heart; but thou, averſe
With cold diſdain, haſt ever chill'd my hopes,
And ſcorn'd my proffer'd vows!—

ELEONORA.

O youth, beware!
Let not the flow'ry ſcenes of joy and peace,
That faithleſs paſſion to the view preſents,
Enſnare thee into woe!—Thou little know'ſt
What miſchief lurk in each deceitful charm;
What griefs attend on love.—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Keen are the pangs
Of hapleſs love, and paſſion unapprov'd:
But where conſenting wiſhes meet, and vows
Reciprocally breath'd, confirm the tie,
Joy rolls on joy, an inexhauſted ſtream!
And virtue crowns the ſacred ſcene with peace!

ELEONORA.

Illuſion all! the phantoms of a mind
That o'er its preſent fate repining, courts
The vain reſource of Fancy's airy dreams.—
War is thy province.—War be thy purſuit.—

DUNBAR.

O! thou would tell me, I am ſavage all—
Too much eſtrang'd to the ſoft arts of life,
To warm thy breaſt!—Yes, war has been my ſchool—
War's rough ſincerity, unſkill'd in modes
Of peaceful commerce—Soften'd not the leſs
To pious truth, humanity and love.

ELEONORA.

Yes:—I were envious to refuſe applauſe,
When ev'ry mouth is open'd in thy praiſe.—

I were

I were ungrateful not to yield thee more,
Diſtinguiſh'd by thy choice; and tho' my heart
Denies thee love, thy virtues have acquir'd
Th' eſteem of Eleonora.

DUNBAR.

O! thy words
Would fire the hoary hermit's languid ſoul
With ecſtaſies of pride!—How then ſhall I,
Elate with ev'ry vainer hope, that warms
Th' aſpiring thought of youth, thy praiſe ſuſtain
With moderation?—— Cruelly benign!
Thou haſt adorn'd the victim; but, alas!
Thou likewiſe giv'ſt the blow!—
— Tho' Nature's hand
With ſo much art has blended ev'ry grace
In thy enchanting form, that ev'ry eye
With tranſport views thee, and conveys unſeen
The ſoft infection to the vanquiſh'd ſoul,
Yet wilt thou not the gentle paſſion own,
That vindicates thy ſway!—

ELEONORA.

O gilded curſe!
More fair than roſy morn, when firſt ſhe ſmiles

O'er

O'er the dew-brighten'd verdure of the ſpring!
But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell
Than ſyrens, tempeſts, and devouring flame!
May I ne'er ſicken, languiſh and deſpair
Within thy dire domain!—Liſten, ye powers!
And yield your ſanction to my purpos'd vow—
—If e'er my breaſt——— [*Kneeling.*

DUNBAR.

For ever let me pine
In ſecret miſery, divorc'd from hope!
But ah, forbear! nor forfeit thy own peace
Perhaps in one raſh moment.———

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA, Herald.

HERALD.

———From the tower
That fronts the hills, due north, a moving hoſt
Is now deſcry'd: and from the ſouthern gate
A cloud of duſt is ſeen to roll, the gleam
Of burniſh'd arms, oft thro' the duſky ſphere
Salutes the dazzled eye;—a loyal band
With valiant Ramſay, from the banks of Tweed,

That

That haſtens to our aid.—The firſt, ſuppos'd
The rebel train of Athol.—By command
Of Angus, I attend thee, to demand
An audience of the foe.

DUNBAR.

I follow ſtraight.

[*Exit Herald.*

Whate'er is amiably fair—Whate'er
Inſpires the gen'rous aim of chaſte deſire,
My ſoul contemplates and adores in thee!
Yet will I not with vain complainings, vex
Thy gentle nature.—My unblemiſh'd love
Shall plead in my behalf. [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE V.

ELEONORA.

Adieu, brave youth!
Why art thou doom'd to ſuffer fruitleſs pains?
And why, alas! am I the deſtin'd wretch
That muſt inflict them?—Agonizing thought!
I yielded up my fond, believing heart
To him who baſely left it, for the charms
Of treacherous ambition!—hapleſs Stuart!

How

How art thou chang'd! how loſt! thy cruel fate,
Like a falſe harlot, ſmiles thee into ruin!

SCENE VI.

Enter STUART diſguiſed like a prieſt.

STUART, ELEONORA.

STUART.

The mighty ſchemes of empire, ſoar too high
For your diſtinction, daughter.—Simple woman
Is weak in intellect, as well as frame,
And judges often from the partial voice
That ſoothes her wiſhes moſt. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*

ELEONORA.

Ha, frantic youth!
What guilty purpoſe leads thy daring ſteps
To this forbidden place?—Art thou not come
Beneath that ſacred veil, the more to brave
Th' avenging hand of heav'n?

STUART.

No—that I tread
The paths of danger, where each boſom pants
With keen revenge againſt me, ſpeaks aloud

The

The fervour of my love—My love misplac'd!
Else, would'st thou not receive the gen'rous proof
With anger and disdain.—

ELEONORA.

Have I not cause
To drive thee from my heart?—Hast thou not chac'd
All faith, and truth, and loyalty from thine?
Say, hast thou not conspir'd against thy prince?
A prince! who cherish'd thee with parent's zeal,
With friendship honour'd thee, and ev'ry day
With bounteous favour crown'd thy rising wish?

STUART.

Curse on his arts!—his aim was to enslave
Th' aspiring soul, to stifle and repress
Th' energing dictates of my native right,
To efface the glowing images within,
Awak'd by glory, and retain by fraud
The sceptre he usurps!

ELEONORA.

Insidious charge!
As feeble as unjust! for, clear as day
In course direct——

STUART.

In idle argument
Let us not now consume the precious hour;
The middle stream is pass'd; and the safe shore
Invites our dauntless footsteps—Yonder sun
That climbs the noon-tide arch, already sees
Twelve thousand vassals, marching in the train
Of warlike Athol; and before the shades
Of ev'ning deepen, Perth's devoted walls
Will shake before them—E'er the tempest roars,
I come to snatch from th' impending storm—

ELEONORA.

O impotent of thought!—O! dead to shame!
Shall I for pompous infamy forego
Th' internal peace that virtue calls her own?

STUART.

Or, say thy love, inconstant as the wave,
Another object claims.—False—perjur'd maid!
I mark'd thy minion, as he charm'd thine ear
With grov'ling adulation.—Yes, I saw
Thy looks, in artful languishment, disclose
Thy yielding soul, and heard thy tongue proclaim
The praises of Dunbar.—

ELEONORA.

Away—away!
I ſcorn thy mean ſuſpicion, and renounce
Thy paſſion with thy crimes.—Tho' bred in camps,
Dunbar is gentle, gen'rous and humane;
Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry manly grace, to win
The coyeſt virgin's heart,—

STUART.

Perdition whelm
The proſtrate ſycophant!—may heav'n exhauſt
Its thunder on my head—may hell diſgorge
Infernal plagues to blaſt me, if I ceaſe
To perſecute the caitif, 'till his blood
Aſſuage my parch'd revenge!—perfidious ſlave!
To ſteal between me and my darling hope!—
The traitor durſt not, had I been—O vows!
Where is your obligation?—Eleonora!
O lovely curſed! reſtore me to myſelf!—

ELEONORA.

Rage on fierce youth, more ſavage than the ſtorm
That howls on Thule's ſhore!—th' unthrifty maid
Too credulouſly fond! who gave away

Her heart ſo laviſhly, deſerves to wed
The woes that from her indiſcretion flow!—
—Yet ev'n my folly ſhould, with thee, obtain
A fairer title and a kinder fate!—

STUART.

Ha! weep'ſt thou?—witneſs all ye ſacred pow'rs!
Her philtres have undone me!—lo, my wrath
Subſides again to love!—Enchantreſs! ſay,
Why haſt thou robb'd me of my reaſon thus?

ELEONORA.

Has Eleonora robb'd thee?—O recal
Thoſe flatt'ring arts thy own deceit employ'd
To wreck my peace!—recal thy fervent vows
Of conſtant faith—thy ſighs and ardent looks!
Then whiſper to thy ſoul, thoſe vows were falſe—
Thoſe ſighs unfaithful, and thoſe looks diſguis'd!

STUART.

Thou—thou art chang'd—but Stuart ſtill the ſame!
Ev'n while thou chid'ſt me, ev'ry tender wiſh
Awakes anew, and in my glowing breaſt
Unutterable fondneſs pants again!—
—Wilt thou not ſmile again, as when, reclin'd

By

By Tay's ſmooth-gliding ſtream, we ſoftly breath'd
Our mutual paſſion to the vernal breeze?

ELEONORA.

Adieu—dear ſcenes adieu!—ye fragrant paths
So courted once!—ye ſpreading boughs, that wave
Your bloſſoms o'er the ſtream!—delightful ſhades!
Where the bewitching muſic of thy tongue,
Firſt charm'd my captive ſoul!—when gentle love
Inſpir'd the ſoothing tale!—Love—ſacred love
That lighted up his flame at Virtue's lamp!—

STUART.

In Time's eternal round, ſhall we not hail
Another ſeaſon equally ſerene?——
—To day, in ſnow array'd, ſtern Winter rules
The ravag'd plain—Anon the teeming earth
Unlocks her ſtores, and ſpring adorns the year:
And ſhall not we—while Fate, like Winter, frowns,
Expect revolving bliſs?

ELEONORA.

—Would'ſt thou return
To loyalty and me—my faithful heart
Would welcome thee again!—

ANGUS Within.

Guard ev'ry gate
That none may 'ſcape—

ELEONORA.

Ha!—whither wilt thou fly?
Diſcover'd and beſet!

STUART.

Let Angus come—
His ſhort-liv'd pow'r I ſcorn—
[*Throws away his diſguiſe.*

SCENE VII.

Enter ANGUS with Guards, STUART, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

What dark reſolve
By gloomy Athol plann'd, has hither led
Thy ſteps preſumptuous?—Eleonora, hence.—
It ill befits thee—but, no more—away—
I'll brook no anſwer—— [*Exit Eleonora.*
— Is it not enough,
To lift Rebellion's impious brand on high,
And ſcorch the face of Faith; that ye thus creep

In ruffian ambush, seeking to perform
The deed ye dare not trust to open war?

STUART.

Thou little know'st me—or thy rankling hate
Defrauds my courage.—Wherefore should I skulk
Like the dishonour'd wretch, whose hireling steel
In secret lifted, wreaks with human gore,
When valiant Athol hastens at the head
Of warlike thousands, to assert our cause?

ANGUS.

The cause of treason never was confin'd
To deeds of open war; but still adopts
The stab of crouching murder.—Thy revolt,
The stern contraction of thy sullen brow,
And this disguise, apostate! speak thee bent
On fatal errand.—

STUART.

That thou seest me here
Unarm'd, alone, from Angus might obtain
A fair interpretation—Stuart's love
Pleads not in mystic terms; nor are my vows
To Eleonora, cancel'd or unknown——

Vows by thyſelf indulg'd, e'er Envy yet,
Or Folly had induc'd thee, to embrace
The fortune's of our foe.—Thy foul reproach
My ſoul retorts on thee! and mark, proud lord,
Revenge will have its turn!—

ANGUS.

Ha! muſt I bear
A beardleſs traitor's inſults?—'tis not mine
To wage a fruitleſs war of words with thee,
Vain-glorious ſtripling.—While thine aims were juſt,
I ſeal'd thy title to my daughter's love;
But now, begrim'd with treaſon, as thou art,
By heav'n! not diadems and thrones ſhall bribe
My approbation!—but the king himſelf
Shall judge thy conduct!—Guards—

SCENE VIII.

Enter ELEONORA, who kneels.

——— O! let me thus
Implore compaſſion, at a parent's knees,
Who ne'er refus'd—

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

—Convey him hence.—

[*Stuart is led off.*

—Arise—

Remember, Eleonora, from what source
Thine origin is drawn.—Thy mother's soul
In purity excell'd the snowy fleece
That cloathes our northern hills!—her youthful charms,
Her artless blush, her look severely sweet,
Her dignity of mien and smiles of love
Survive in thee—Let me behold thee too
Her honour's heiress— [*Exit Angus.*

SCENE IX.

ELEONORA.

—Yes—I will adhere
To this ill-omen'd honour! sacrifice
Life's promis'd joys to its austere decree;
And vindicate the glories of my race,
At the sad price of peace!—If Athol's arms
(Which heav'n avert!) to treason add success,

My father's death will join his ſov'reign's fall!
And if the cauſe of royalty prevail,
Each languid hope with Stuart muſt expire!—
From thought to thought, perplex'd, in vain I ſtray,
To pining anguiſh doom'd, and fell diſmay!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. Scene continues.

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

BY heav'n it glads me, that my ſword ſhall find
An ample field to-day.—The king arous'd,
Chafes like a lion in the toils betray'd!

ANGUS.

I mark'd his indignation, as it roſe
At Athol's proud reply, from calm concern
To anxious tumult, menacing diſdain,
And overboiling wrath.—But ſay, my friend,
How move the rebels?—Are their ranks diſpos'd
By military ſkill?—Or come they on
In undiſtinguiſh'd crouds?—

DUNBAR.

In concourſe rude
They ſwarm undiſciplin'd—all arm'd alike
With ſword and target.—On their firſt aſſault
(Fearleſs

(Fearleſs indeed and headlong!) all their hopes
Of conqueſt, muſt depend.—If we, unbroke,
Suſtain their onſet; little ſkill'd in war,
To wheel, to rally and renew the charge,
Confuſion, havock and diſmay will ſeize
Th' aſtoniſh'd rout.—

ANGUS.

What numbers bring they on?

DUNBAR.

Ten thouſand, as I gueſs.—

ANGUS.

Ours ſcarce amount
To half the number; yet, with thoſe, we mean
To hazard an encounter.—Thou, mean while,
Shalt viſit ev'ry paſſage, ſound th' alarm,
And man the city-walls.—Here I attend
The king—and lo! he comes.— [*Exit. Dunbar.*

SCENE II.

KING, ANGUS.

KING.

—The commonweal
Has been conſulted.—Tenderneſs and zeal
Became

Became the parent.—Thoſe have nought avail'd,—
Now, let correction ſpeak the king incens'd!

ANGUS.

Not without cauſe, my liege, ſhall dread rebuke
Attend your royal wrath.—What reign ſhall 'ſcape
Rebellion's curſe, when your paternal ſway
Has hatch'd the baneful peſt?

KING.

Let heaven decide
Between me and my foes.—That I would ſpare
The guiltleſs blood which muſt our quarrel dye,
No other proof requires, than my advance
To reconcilement—oppoſite perhaps
To my own dignity.—But I will riſe
In vengeance mighty! and diſpel the clouds
That have bedim'd my ſtate.

ANGUS.

The odds are great
Between the numbers: but our cauſe is juſt:
Our ſoldiers regularly train'd to war,
And not a breaſt among us, entertains
A doubt of victory.

KING.

KING.

O valiant thane!
Experienc'd oft, and ever trusty found!
Thy penetrating eye, and active zeal
First brought this foul conspiracy to light;
And now thy faithful vassals first appear
In arms for my defence!—Thy recompence
My love shall study.

ANGUS.

Blotted be my name
From honour's records, when I stand aloof,
Regardless of the danger that surrounds
The fortunes of my prince!

KING.

I know thee well.—
Mean time, our care must be, to obviate,
With circumspection and preventive skill,
Their numbers.—In unequal conflict joins
Th' unwieldy spear that loads the borderer,
With the broad targe and expeditious sword:
The loyal band that from the hills of Lorn
Arriv'd, shall in our front advance, and stand

With

With targe to targe, and blade to blade oppos'd;
The ſpears extended form the ſecond line,
And our light archers hover to and fro,
To gall their flanks.—Whatever accident
In battle ſhall befal, thy vigilance
Will remedy.—Myſelf will here remain
To guard the town, and with a ſmall reſerve,
(If need requires) thine exigence ſupply.

ANGUS.

With joy, the glorious taſk I undertake! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

They halt, and occupy the narrow paſs
Form'd by the river and th' impending hill;
With purpoſe, as I deem, to charge our hoſt
On the ſmall plain that ſkirts the town.—

DUNBAR.

'Tis well.—
Thus hemm'd, their uſeleſs numbers will involve
Themſelves in tumult, to our arms ſecure

An eafy conqueft, and retard their flight.—
To Angus hie thee ftraight with this advice.—
My tafk perform'd, I wait the king's command
In this appointed place.— [*Exit Ramfay.*

SCENE IV.

ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

ELEONORA.

I fought thee, youth.—
Ere yet this dreadful crifis fhall decide
The public fate, let us to private woe
Devote one moment!—Tell me, brave Dunbar,
Wilt thou not, from the hurry of the day,
One moment fnatch to hear me, and condole
The anguifh of my foul?—

DUNBAR.

O Eleonora!
Sooner fhall the parch'd traveller refufe
The gelid fountain, than my raptur'd foul
The mufic of thy tongue!—What grief profanes
Thy fpotlefs bofom?—happy! far above
The pride of conquerors, were I to eafe
Thy forrow's pangs!—

ELEONORA.

Thy gen'rous heart alone
Can brook the enterprize—

DUNBAR.

O! taſk my love;
That I more ſwift than gales that ſweep the plain,
May fly to thy relief!

ELEONORA.

Then ſummon up
Thoſe elevated thoughts that lift the ſoul
To virtue's higheſt pinnacle; the boon
My miſery demands, will crave them all!—

DUNBAR.

Be it to brave the menaçes of death
In ſhape however horrid, ſo my faith
And love remain inviolate, my heart
Beats with unuſual ardor; and demands
The teſt, impatient!—

ELEONORA.

Friendleſs and forlorn
In fetters Stuart lies!—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Ha!

ELEONORA.

From the ſnares
Of gloomy fate releaſe him.—

DUNBAR.

Cruel maid!—
Nay, let me call thee barbarous! in ſpite
Of adoration.—Could thy mind ſuggeſt
No forward ſlave, to ſet thy lover free,
But a deſpairing rival?—'Tis not giv'n
Th' impaſſion'd ſoul of man to execute
A deed ſo fatal to its own repoſe!

ELEONORA.

I ſought not—witneſs ye celeſtial powers!
To aggravate thy pain.—My mind, perplex'd,
Revolv'd in ſilent woe, nor could unload
Her burden to another.—Thou alone,
Haſt won my fair opinion and my truſt;
And to thy word indebted, honour claims
Th' engagement all her own.—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Yet, with reſerve
Was that impawn'd: my loyalty and love
Were ſacred ev'n from that: nor can I looſe
His chains, without an injury to both!—

ELEONORA.

Cold—unaſpiring is the love that dwells
With tim'rous caution; and the breaſt untouch'd
By glory's godlike fervour, that retains
The ſcruples of diſcretion.—Let the winds
That have diſpers'd thy promiſe, ſnatch thy vows?—

DUNBAR.

Shall I, thro' raſh enthuſiaſm, wed
Eternal anguiſh?—Shall I burſt aſunder
The bonds of awful juſtice, to preſerve
The ſerpent that has poiſon'd all my peace!—
No, Eleonora!—blaſted be——

ELEONORA.

Take heed!
Nor by an oath precipitate, involve
Thy fate beyond reſource: For know, Dunbar,
The love of Stuart, with his guilt abjur'd,

This morn, my ſolemn vow to heav'n appeal'd,
Hath ſever'd us for ever.——

DUNBAR.

Then, I'm ſtill!
Still as the gentle calm, when the huſh'd wave
No longer foams before the rapid ſtorm!—
Let the young traitor periſh, and his name
In dark oblivion rot.—

ELEONORA.

Shall I, alas!
Supinely ſavage, from my ears exclude
The cries of youthful woe?—of woe intail'd
By me too!—If my heart denies him love,
My pity, ſure, may flow!—Has he not griefs
That wake ev'n thy compaſſion?—Say, Dunbar,
Unmov'd could'ſt thou ſurvey th' unhappy youth
(Whom but this morn beheld in pride of hope
And pow'r magnificent!) ſtretch'd on the ground
Of a damp dungeon, groaning with deſpair!
With not one friend his ſorrows to divide,
And chear his lone diſtreſs?

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Can I refist
So fair a motive, and so sweet a tongue!
When thy soft heart with kind compassion glows,
Shall I the tender sentiment repress?—
No!—let me rather hail the social pang;
And ev'ry selfish appetite subdu'd,
Indulge a flame so gen'rous and humane!—
—Away with each emotion that suggests
A rival favour'd and a traitor freed!
My love unbounded reigns, and scorns to own
Reflection's narrow limits!—Yes, my fair,
This hour he shall be free.— [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE V.

ELEONORA.

O wond'rous power
Of love beneficent!—O gen'rous youth!
What recompence (thus bankrupt as I am!)
Shall speak my grateful soul!—A poor return
Cold friendship renders to the fervid hope
Of fond desire! and my invidious fate

Allows no more.—But let me not bewail,
With avarice of grief, my private woe;
When pale with fear, and harrass'd with alarm,
My royal mistress, still benign to me,
The zealous tender of my duty claims, [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Discovers STUART in chains.

STUART.

Curse on my headstrong passion!—I have earn'd
The wages of my folly!—Is it thus
My faithless destiny requites my hope?

SCENE VII.

STUART, DUNBAR.

STUART.

Ha! com'st thou to insult my chains?—'Twas well
My unpropitious dæmon gave me up
To your resentment, tamely.—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

To exult
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppreſs'd, and heap
Affliction on th' afflicted, is the mark
And the mean triumph of a daſtard ſoul.—
'Tis what Dunbar diſdains.—Perhaps, I come
To pity, not rejoice at Stuart's fate.—

STUART.

To pity!—Torture! am I fall'n ſo low!—
Ha! recreant!—move thy pity!—Hell untie
Theſe ſlaviſh manacles, that I may ſcourge
This wretched arrogant!—

DUNBAR.

True courage ſcorns
To vent her proweſs in a ſtorm of words:
And to the valiant, actions ſpeak alone:—
Then let my deeds approve me.—I am come
To give thee inſtant freedom.—

STUART.

Mean'ſt thou death?
I ſhall be free then.—An apt miniſter

Th' usurper has ordain'd to perpetrate
His secret murders.—

DUNBAR.

Why wilt thou belie
Thy own intelligence?—Thou know'st, my sword
Was ne'er accustom'd to the bravo's stab;
Nor the designs of him so falsely stil'd
Usurper, ever sully'd with a stain
Of cruelty or guile.—My purpose is,
To knock thy fetters off, conduct thee safe
Without the city-confines, and restore thee
To liberty and Athol.—

STUART.

Fawning coward!
Thou—thou restore me!—thou unbind my chains!
Impossible!—Thy fears that I may 'scape,
Like vultures gnaw thee!—

DUNBAR.

When the battle joins,
Thou shalt be answer'd.—

STUART.

STUART.

When the battle joins!—
—Away diſſembler!—Sooner would'ſt thou beard
The lion in his rage, than fairly meet
My valour on the plain!

DUNBAR.

Ha! who art thou,
That I ſhould dread thy threats?—By heav'n's high throne!
I'll meet thee in a deſert, to thy teeth
Proclaim thy treachery, and with my ſword
Explore thy faithleſs heart!—Meanwhile, my ſteps
Shall guide thee to the field.

[*Stuart is unchained, and preſented with a ſword.*

STUART.

No!—Lightning blaſt me
If I become thy debtor, proud Dunbar!
Thy nauſeous benefits ſhall not enſlave
My free-born will.—Here, captive as I am,
Thy laviſh'd obligation ſhall not buy
My friendſhip!—No! nor ſtifle my revenge!

DUNBAR.

Alike unpleasant would it be to me,
To court thy love, or deprecate thy hate:—
What I have proffer'd, other motives urg'd—
The gift is Eleonora's.—

STUART.

Sacred powers!
Let me not understand thee!—Thou hast rous'd
My soul's full fury!—In the blood that warms
Thine heart, perfidious, I will slake mine ire!

DUNBAR.

In all my conduct, insolent of heart!
What hast thou mark'd so abject and so mean,
That thy foul tongue its licence thus avows?
To boundless passion subject, as thyself,
Wild tumult oft my reason overwhelms!—
Then tempt me not too far, left blindfold wrath
Transport my soul, and headlong ruin crush
Thy pride ev'n here!—

STUART.

In this accursed place
Let me be shackled—rivetted with bolts,

'Till

'Till the ruſt gnaw my carcaſe to the bone,
If my heart throbs not for the combat, here!—
Ev'n here, where thou art, lord!—Ha! do'ſt thou ſhake?
By heav'n, thy quiv'ring lip and haggard look
Confeſs pale terror and amaze!—

DUNBAR.

—Away!—
Away, lewd railer!—not thy ſland'rous throat,
So fruitful of invectives, ſhall provoke me
To wreak unworthy vengeance on thee, ſafe
In thy captivity:—But ſoon as war
Shall cloſe th' encountring hoſts, I 'll find thee out—
Aſſert my claim to Eleonora's love,
And tell thee, what thou art.

STUART.

I burn—I rage!
My fell revenge conſumes me!—But no more—
Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me—Goaded by my wrongs,
I 'll hunt thee thro' the various ſcenes of death!—
Thou ſhalt be found!—

DUNBAR.

I triumph in that hope.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII. Changes.

KING, QUEEN, attended.

KING.

Courageous Angus ſhall not be o'erpower'd—
Myſelf will bring him aid.—

QUEEN.

Alas! my prince!

KING.

What means the gentle partner of my heart?
Diſmiſs thy fears.—This day will diſſipate
The cauſe of thy diſmay.—Ev'n now, I go
To pluck the wreath of victory, and lay
Freſh laurels in thy lap.

QUEEN.

Ah! why let in
A train of harpy ſorrows to my breaſt!—
—Ah! why in your own precious life, expoſe
Your kingdom's ſafety, and your conſort's peace!
—Let me reſtrain you from the field to-day.—

There

There is no fame—no glory to be won
From a revolter's brow.—

KING.

The publick weal
Commands to arm—dishonour taint my name,
When I reject the call!—

QUEEN.

Ill-omen'd call!
That like the raven's croak, invades my quiet!
O! would to heaven, our minutes smoothly roll'd
In humble solitude, with meek-ey'd peace!
Remote from royalty, and all the cares
That brood around the throne!—

KING.

No, let us scorn
Unfeeling ease, and private bliss forego,
When public misery implores our aid.—
What dignity of transport feels the prince,
Who, from the fangs of fierce oppressive power,
A people rescues?

QUEEN.

What a dreadful host
Of dangers 'circle him!

KING.

KING.

Diſeaſe confers
The ſtamp of value upon health; and glory
Is the fair child of peril.—Thou thyſelf
My conduct wilt applaud, ſoon as thy mind
Its native calm regains, and reaſons ſways
Uncheck'd by fear———Secure 'till my return
Remain within, and ev'ry thought indulge
Foreboding my ſucceſs.—

QUEEN.

Adieu—Adieu!
Heav'n crown your valour with a wreath.

[*Exit Queen.*

KING, to an attendant.

Swift, hie thee to Dunbar, and bid him lead
The choſen citizens———

Enter RAMSAY.

SCENE IX.

KING attended, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

O fatal chance!
The traitor Grime, with a ſelected band,

(While

(While Angus, preſs'd on every ſide, ſuſtains
Th' unequal fight) a ſecret path purſu'd
Around the hills, and pouring all at once,
Surpriz'd the eaſtern gate!—the citizens
With conſternation ſmote, before his arms
In rout diſorder'd fly!—

KING.

Ha! then the wheel
Of fate full circle rolls to cruſh me down!
Nor leaves one pauſe for conduct!—Yet I'll bear
My fortunes like a king—haſte and collect
The ſcattered parties—Let us not ſubmit
'Ere yet ſubdu'd—to arms! [*Drawing.*

RAMSAY.

Alas my prince!
The convent is beſet—Hark! while we ſpeak
The gates are burſt—Behold—

KING.

We muſt prevent
The pangs of ling'ring miſery, and fall
With honour, as we liv'd—

SCENE

SCENE X.

KING attended, RAMSAY. GRIME with followers burſting in.

KING.

What bold contempt
Of Majeſty, thus rudely dares intrude
Into my private ſcenes?

GRIME.

The hour is fled,
That ſaw thy wanton tyranny impoſe
The galling yoke—Yes, I am come to wreſt
The proſtituted ſceptre from thy hand,
And drag thee fetter'd to the royal throne
Of Walter, whom I ſerve.

KING.

Outragious wretch!
Grown old in treachery! whoſe ſoul untam'd,
No mercy ſoftens, and no laws reſtrain!
Thy life thrice forfeited, my pity thrice
From juſtice hath redeem'd; yet art thou found

Still

Still turbulent—a rugged rebel ſtill,
Unaw'd, and unreclaim'd!—

GRIME.

That I yet breathe
This ambient air, and tread this earth at will,
Not to thy mercy but thy dread I owe.—
Wrong'd as I was—my old poſſeſſions reft
By thy rapacious power, my limbs enchain'd
Within a loathſome dungeon, and my name
Thy loud reproach thro' all the groaning land;
Thou durſt not ſhed my blood!—the purple ſtream
Had ſwell'd—a tide of vengeance! and o'erwhelm'd
The proud oppreſſor.—

KING.

Traitor to thy prince,
And foe perverſe to truth!—how full thy crimes,
Thy doom how juſt—my pardon how humane,
Thy conſcious malice knows—But let me not
Degrade my name, and vindicate to thee
The juſtice of my reign.

GRIME.

Vain were th' attempt
With artifice of words, to ſooth my rage,

More deaf to mercy, than the famish'd wolf
That tears the bleating kid!—My starv'd revenge
Thy blood alone can satiate!—Yield thee then:
Or sink beneath mine arm.

KING.

Heav'n shall not see
A deed so abject vilify my name—
While yet I wield this sword, and the warm blood
Still streams within my veins; my courage soars
Superior to a ruffian's threats.—

GRIME.

Fall on,
And hew them piece-meal.

[*King, Ramsay, and attendants drive off Grime and his followers; but are afterwards overpowered and disarmed.*

GRIME.

Wilt thou yet maintain
Thy dignity of words?—Where are thy slaves,
Thy subjects, guards and thunder of thy throne,
Reduc'd usurper?—Guard these captives.

[*Exeunt King, Ramsay, &c. guarded*

SCENE

SCENE. XI.

Enter a ſoldier to GRIME.

SOLDIER.

A troop of horſemen have poſſeſſed the gate
By which we gain'd the city.—

GRIME.

Blaſt them hell!
We muſt retreat another way, and leave
Our aim unfiniſh'd!—Our victorious ſwords
At leaſt ſhall guard the treaſure they have won.
When the fierce parent-lion bites our chain.
His whelps forlorn, an eaſy prey remain.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, Captain.

QUEEN.

WHAT from the battlements haſt thou deſcry'd?

CAPTAIN.

Nothing diſtinct, my queen—Involv'd in clouds
Impervious to the view, the battle long
Continu'd doubtful, 'midſt the mingling ſounds
Of trumpets, neighing ſteeds, tumultuous ſhouts
Of fierce aſſailants, doleful cries of death,
And clatt'ring armour; 'till at length, the noiſe
In diſtant murmurs dy'd.—O'er all the plain,
Now a dread ſtillneſs reigns!

QUEEN.

Then all is loſt!
Why pauſes ruin, and ſuſpends the ſtroke!—
Is it to lengthen out affliction's term,
And feed productive woe?—Where ſhall the groans

Of innocence deserted find redress!
Shall I exclaim to heav'n?—Already heav'n
Its pity and protection has withdrawn!
Earth yield me refuge then!—give me to lie
Within thy chearless bosom!—there, put off
Th' uneasy robe of being—there, lay down
The load of my distress!

ELEONORA.

Alas! my queen,
What consolation can the wretched bring!
How shall I from my own despair, collect
Assuasive balm?—Within my lonely breast
Mute sorrow and despondence long have dwelt!
And while my sire, perhaps, this instant bleeds,
The dim, exhausted fountains of my grief,
Can scarce afford a tear!

QUEEN.

O luxury
Of mutual ill!—Let us enjoy the feast!
To groan re-echo groan, in concert raise
Our lamentation; and when sorrow swells
Too big for utterance, the silent streams
Shall flow in common!—When the silent streams

Forbear to flow, the voice again ſhall wail!
O my loſt lord!—O ſave him—ſave him powers!

ELEONORA.

Is there no gentle remedy to ſooth
The ſoul's diſorder; lull the jarring thoughts,
And with fair images amuſe the mind?
—Come, ſmiling hope—divine illuſion! come
In all thy pride of triumph o'er the pangs
Of miſery and pain!

QUEEN.

Low—low indeed,
Have our misfortunes plung'd us; when no gleam
Of wand'ring hope, how vain ſoe'er or falſe,
Our invocation flatters!—When—O when
Will death deliver me?—Shall I not reſt
Within the peaceful tomb, where I may ſleep
In calm oblivion, and forget the wrecks
Of ſtormy life!—No ſounds diſturb the grave,
Of murder'd huſbands!—Or the diſmal ſcream
Of infants periſhing.—Ha! whether leads
Imagination!—Muſt ye periſh then,
Ye tender bloſſoms?—Muſt the lofty oak
That gave you life, and ſhelter'd you from harm,

Yield

Yield to the traitor's axe?—O agony
Of fond diſtraction!

ELEONORA.

Ha!—behold where comes
The warlike ſon of March!—What, if he brings
The news of victory!

QUEEN.

My ſoul alarm'd
With eagerneſs and terror waits her doom!

SCENE II.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

Say, youth, how fares the king!

DUNBAR.

Fair princeſs, hail!
To you my duty and my ſpeed were bent—
Your royal conſort triumphs.

QUEEN.

Lives he then!

Lives he, deliver'd from the fatal ſnares
Which had enclos'd him!

DUNBAR.

To their hills repell'd,
The vanquiſh'd rebels curſe his conqu'ring arm—
He bade me fly before him to the queen;
With the glad tidings chear her drooping ſoul;
And bear his kindeſt wiſhes to the ſhrine
Himſelf will ſoon adore.

QUEEN.

Will he then come
And wipe the tear of ſorrow from my cheek!—
Ah, no!—thy pity flatters me in vain!

DUNBAR.

Let me not dally with my queen's diſtreſs.—
What were it, but to lift incumbent woe,
That it might fall more grievous.—By the faith
Of my allegiance, hither ſpeeds the king,
By love attended, and by conqueſt crown'd.

QUEEN.

O welcome meſſenger!—How ſweetly ſounds
Thy prelude!—Thus, the warbler of the morn,

To

To the ſick wretch who moan'd the tedious night,
Brings balmy ſlumber, eaſe and hope and health!
O wondrous deſtiny!

ELEONORA.

Thus, on my queen
May fortune ever ſmile.—May bliſs to bliſs
Succeed, a tranquil ſcene!—Say, noble youth,
Returns my ſire in ſafety from the field?—

DUNBAR.

Safe as thy fondeſt filial wiſh can form.—
In war's variety, mine eyes have ſeen
Variety of valour and of ſkill:
But ſuch united excellence of both—
Such art to baffle and amuſe the foe;—
Such intrepidity to execute
Repeated efforts,—never, ſave in him
My obſervation trac'd!—Our monarch's acts
My feeble praiſe would ſully and profane.

ELEONORA.

Thy words, like genial ſhowers to the parch'd earth,
Refreſh my languid ſoul!—

QUEEN.

The trumpet ſwells!
My conqueror approaches!—Let me fly
With ecſtaſy of love into his arms!—
He comes!—the victor comes!

SCENE III.

KING, QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR:

KING, embracing the Queen.

My better part!—
My ſoul's chief reſidence!—My love! my queen!
Thou haſt been tender overmuch, and mourn'd
Ev'n too profuſely!

QUEEN.

Celebrate this hour
Ye ſongs of angels! and ye ſons of earth,
Keep feſtival!—My monarch is return'd!
I fold him in theſe arms!—I hear his voice—
His love ſoft-chiding!—

KING.

O ye powers benign!
What words can ſpeak the rapture of my ſoul!

Come

Come to my breaſt, where, cheriſh'd by my love,
Thy fair idea rooted, bloſſoms forth
And twines around my heart!

QUEEN.

Myſterious fate!
My wiſhes are compleat!—Yet, I muſt aſk
A thouſand things impertinently fond!
How did you 'ſcape?—What angel's hand, my king,
Preſerv'd you from deſtruction?

KING.

Heav'n, indeed,
Eſpous'd my cauſe, and ſent to my relief
The ſon of March, who, with a choſen few,
Deliver'd me from Grime:—Thence to the field
We ſpeeded, and accompliſh'd what the ſword
Of Angus had well nigh atchiev'd before.

QUEEN to DUNBAR.

How ſhall acknowledgment enough reward
Thy worth unparallel'd?

KING.

Now, by my throne!
Not my own iſſue ſhall engroſs me, more

Than

Than thou, heroic youth!—Th' insulting foe,
In spite of fresh supplies, with slaughter driven
To the steep hills that bound the plain, have sent
An herald, in their turn, to sue for peace.—
An audience have I promis'd.—Ere the hour
Arrives, I will retire, and in the bath
Refresh my weary'd limbs.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, attendants.*

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Renown, to-day
Has lavish'd all her honours on thy head.

DUNBAR.

What boots it, that my fortune decks me thus
With unsubstantial plumes; when my heart groans
Beneath the gay caparison, and love
With unrequitted passion wounds my soul!

ELEONORA.

Is unpropitious love unknown to me?
To me for ever doom'd (alas!) to nurse
The slow-consuming fire.—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Heav'ns!—what are all
The boasted charms, that with such wond'rous power
Attach thee to my rival?—Far from me
Be the vain arrogance of pride, to vaunt
Excelling talents; yet I fain would learn,
On what admir'd accomplishment of Stuart,
Thy preference is fix'd.—

ELEONORA.

Alas! Dunbar,
My judgment, weak and erring as it is,
Too well discerns on whom I should bestow
My love and my esteem:—But trust me, youth,
Thou little know'st how hard it is to wean
The mind from darling habits long indulg'd!
I know that Stuart sinks into reproach:
Immers'd in guilt, and, more than once, subdu'd
By thy superior merit and success:
Yet even this Stuart,—for I would not wrong
Thine expectation,—still retains a part
Of my compassion—nay, I fear, my love!
Would'st thou, distinguish'd by th' applause of kings,
Disgrace

Diſgrace thy qualities, and brook the prize
Of a divided heart?—

DUNBAR.

No!—witneſs heav'n
I love not on ſuch terms!—Am I then doom'd,
Unfeeling maid! for ever, to deplore
Thy unabating rigour!—The rude flint
Yields to th' inceſſant drop; but Eleonora,
Inflexibly ſevere, unchang'd remains—
Unmov'd by my complaint!

ELEONORA.

My father comes!
Let me, with pious raviſhment, embrace
His martial knees, and bleſs the guardian power
That ſcreen'd him in the battle!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Riſe my child,
Thou haſt been always dutiful, and mild
As the ſoft breeze that fans the ſummer eve!—

Such

Such innocence endearing, gently ſtole
Into my youthful boſom, and awak'd
Loves tender languiſhment, when to my view
Thy mother firſt diſplay'd her virgin bloom!

[*Turning to Dunbar.*

Come to my arms Dunbar!—To ſhield from death
A parent, is the venerable act
Of the moſt pious duty.—Thus adopted,
Henceforward be my ſon!—The rebel chiefs
Secure in my ſafe-conduct, wait without
The promis'd audience.—To the king repair,
And ſignify their preſence.— [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Eleonora,
Behold the undaunted youth, who ſtept between
The ſtroke of fate and me.—O'erpow'r'd, unhors'd,
And by the foe ſurrounded, I had ſunk
A victim to barbarity enrag'd;
If brave Dunbar, to his own peril blind,
Had not that inſtant, to my reſcue ſprung.—

Nay,

Nay, when that youthful traitor—by whose arm
Releas'd, I know not, headlong rush'd against me;
My vigilant deliver oppos'd
The fierce aggressor, whose aspiring crest
Soon prostrate fell.—

ELEONORA.

Ha! fell—Is Stuart slain?
O! speak my father.—

ANGUS.

Wherefore this alarm!
Let me not find thy bosom entertain
A sentiment unworthy of thy name!—
The gen'rous victor gave him back his life;
And cry'd aloud, "This sacrifice I make
"For Eleonora's love."—

ELEONORA.

O matchless youth!
His virtues conquer'd my esteem, before:
But now, my grateful sentiment inflames
Ev'n to a sister's zeal!

ANGUS.

With rigid power
I would not bridle thy reluctant thought;

Yet,

Yet, let me, with parental care, commend
The paſſion of Dunbar.—

ELEONORA.

A fairer garb
His title could not wear:—But when I think
What rocks in ſecret lie—what tempeſts riſe
On love's deceitful voyage; my timid ſoul
Recoils affrighted, and with horror ſhuns
Th' inviting calm!—

ANGUS.

Retire, my child, and weigh
The diff'rent claims.—Here, glory, love and truth
Implore thy ſmiles:—There, vice with brutal rage
Would force thee to his wiſhes.—But too long
I tarry in this place.—I muſt attend
My ſov'reign in his interview with Athol. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Changes to another apartment.

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

What we to fortune ow'd, our arms have paid:
But let us now, the changeling pow'r renounce.—

Unhappy

Unhappy thoſe, who hazard their deſigns
On her without reſerve !—

GRIME.

Our plan purſu'd
A purpoſe more aſſur'd :—With conqueſt crown'd,
Our aim indeed, a fairer wreath had worn :
But that deny'd, on terms of darker hue
Our ſwords ſhall force ſucceſs !—

ATHOL.

Th' approaching ſcene
Demands our utmoſt arts ! not with tame ſighs
To bend before his throne, and ſupplicate
His clemency, like ſlaves ; nor to provoke
With pride of ſpeech, his anger half appeas'd :
But with ſubmiſſion mingle (as we ſpeak)
A conſcious dignity of ſoul, prepar'd
For all events.—

GRIME.

Without the city-walls,
The ſouthern troops encamp'd, already fill
The feſtal bowl, to celebrate the day.—

ATHOL.

ATHOL.

By heav'n! their flush'd intemperance will yield
Occasion undisturb'd.—For while they lie,
With wine and sleep o'erwhelm'd, the clans that lurk
Behind th' adjacent hills, shall in the dark,
Approach the gate when our associate Cattan
Commands the guard; then introduc'd by him,
We take, with ease, possession of the town,
And hither move unmark'd.—

GRIME.

Here, if we fail,
May my shrunk sinew never more unsheath
My well-try'd dagger; nor my hungry hate
Enjoy the sav'ry steam of hostile gore!

ATHOL.

How my fir'd soul anticipates the joy!
I see me seated in the regal chair,
Enthron'd by Grime, the partner of my power!—
But this important enterprize demands
More secret conference.—The sword of Stuart
Will much avail: but his unpractic'd youth

To doubts and ſcruples ſubject, hitherto
Declines our laſt reſolve.—

GRIME.

It ſhall be mine,
To rouſe his paſſion to the pitch requir'd.—
But ſoft!—who comes?—Ten thouſand curſes load
Th' ambitious ſtripling!

Enter DUNBAR.

By the king's command,
I come to guide you to the throne.

ATHOL.

'Tis well.— [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.

Diſcovers the KING ſeated. ANGUS, attendants.

Enter ATHOL, GRIME, introduced by DUNBAR.

KING.

It is not well—it is not well we meet
On terms like theſe!—I ſhould have found in Athol
A truſty counſellor and ſteady friend:

And

And better would it ſuit thy rev'rend age,
Thy ſtation, quality, and kindred blood,
To huſh ill-judging clamour, and cement
Divided factions to my throne again,
Than thus embroil the ſtate.—

ATHOL.

My preſent aim
Is to repair, not widen more, the breach
That diſcord made between us: this, my liege,
Not harſh reproaches, or ſevere rebuke
Will e'er effectuate:—No—let us rather,
On terms which equally become us both,
Our int'reſts re-unite.

KING.

Hah!—reunite!
By heav'n, thy proud demeanor more beſits
A ſov'reign than a ſubject!—Reunite!—
How durſt thou ſever from thy faith, old lord!
And with an helmet load that hoary head
To wage rebellious war!

ATHOL.

The ſword of Athol

Was never drawn but to redreſs the wrongs
His country ſuffer'd.—

KING.

Dar'ſt thou to my face,
Impeach my conduct, baffled as thou art,
Ungrateful traitor? Is it thus, thy guilt
My clemency implores?

ATHOL.

Not yet ſo low
Has fate reduc'd us, that we need to crawl
Beneath your footſtool:—In our camp remain
Ten thouſand vig'rous mountaineers, who long
Their honours to retrieve.—

KING, riſing haſtily.

Swift, hie thee to them,
And lead thy fugitive adherents back!—
Away.—Now by the mighty ſoul of Bruce!
Thou ſhalt be met.—And if thy ſavage clans
Abide us in the plain, we ſoon will tread
Rebellion into duſt.—Why move ye not?
Conduct them to their camp.—

ATHOL.

Forgive, my prince,
If on my own integrity of heart
Too far presuming, I have gall'd the wound
Too much inflam'd already.—Not with you,
But with your measures ill-advis'd, I warr'd;
Your sacred person, family and throne
My purpose still rever'd.—

KING.

O wretched plea!
To which thy blasted guilt must have recourse!
Had thy design been laudable, thy tongue
With honest freedom boldly should have spoke
Thy discontent.—Ye live not in a reign
Where truth, by arbitrary pow'r depress'd,
Dares not maintain her state.—I charge thee, say
What lawless measures has my pow'r pursu'd?

ATHOL.

I come, to mitigate your royal wrath
With sorrow and submission; not to sum
The motives which compell'd me to the field.—

KING.

I found your miſerable ſtate reduc'd
To ruin and deſpair :—Your cities drench'd
In mutual ſlaughter, deſolate your plains :
All order baniſh'd, and all arts decay'd :—
No induſtry, ſave what with hands impure
Diſtreſs'd the commonwealth :—No laws in force,
To ſcreen the poor and check the guilty great ;
While ſqualid Famine join'd her ſiſter fiend
Devouring Peſtilence, to curſe the ſcene !—
I came—I toil'd—reform'd—redreſs'd the whole ;
And lo ! my recompence !—But I relapſe.—
What is your ſuit ?—

ATHOL.

We ſue, my liege, for peace.—

KING.

Say, that my lenity ſhall grant your prayer,
How, for the future, ſhall I reſt aſſur'd
Of your allegiance ?

ATHOL.

Stuart ſhall be left
The pledge of our behaviour.—

KING.

KING.

And your arms
Ere noon to-morrow, ſhall be yielded up.

ATHOL.

This too, ſhall be perform'd.—

KING.

Then mark me, thane.—
Becauſe the loins, from whence my father ſprung,
On thee too life beſtow'd; enjoy the gift.—
I pardon what is paſt.—In peace conſume
The winter of thy days.—But, if ye light
Th' extinguiſh'd brand again, and brave my throne
With new commotions — By th' eternal power!
No future guile, ſubmiſſion, or regard
Shall check my indignation!—I will pour
My vengeance in full volley; and the earth
Shall dread to yield you ſuccour or reſource!
Of this, no more.—Thy kinſman ſhall remain
With us, an hoſtage of thy promis'd faith.—
So ſhall our mercy with our prudence join,
United brighten, and ſecurely ſhine.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

STUART.

THIS ſolitude but more foments deſpair!
Recals—compares—and to th' inceſſant pangs
Of ſpite, revenge, and ſhame, condemns my ſoul!—
O! what a miſerable ſlave am I!—
Precipitated from the tow'ring hope
Of eagle-ey'd Ambition, to th' abyſs
Of mutt'ring Horror, curs'd from thought to thought!
—Hah, Jealouſy!—I feel th' infernal power!
Her hiſſing ſnakes arouſe—her torch inflames
My madd'ning ſoul!—Yes,—if he thus permits
My feet to range at will; my 'vengeful hand
Will ſoon requite him.— [*Enter Grime.*

SCENE II.

STUART, GRIME.

GRIME.

Wherefore thus alone?

Thy

Thy noble kinſman, who now parted hence,
Obſerves a ſudden cloud o'erhang thy brow.—
Since from the dungeon to his wiſh reſtor'd,
A mute averſion to his love, ſecludes
Thy lonely ſteps—

STUART.

Yes,—thou thyſelf haſt nam'd
The cauſe accurs'd!—ha, from the dungeon freed!—
And freed by whom!—there's poiſon in the thought!
—Am I not hoſtage of my uncle's ſhame?

GRIME.

Thou dwell'ſt on that too much.—Few live exempt
From diſappointment and diſgrace, who run
Ambition's rapid courſe.—Inur'd to pain,
The hard'ned ſoul, at laſt, forgets to feel
The ſcourge of Fate; and, fearleſs ruſhes on
To deeds advent'rous.—

STUART.

Who ſhall frame th' attempt
That Stuart dreads t' atchieve?—Not peſtilence
Not raging ſeas, nor livid flames can bound
My dauntleſs undertaking!—Tell me, Grime,

For

For thou waſt train'd to feats of horrid proof,
Since, not the voice of heav'n itſelf can lure
My honour back again—what pow'r of hell
Shall I invoke to deepen my revenge?—

GRIME.

Ha! Did'ſt thou ſay, revenge?—Hail, ſable pow'r,
To me more dear than riches or renown!
What gloomy joy, to drench the dagger deep
In the proud heart of him who robb'd my fame!
My fortune thwarted; or eſſay'd by fraud
To poiſon my delights!—

STUART.

Ha! thou haſt rous'd
The ſcorpion-thought that ſtings me!—
—Mark me, Grime,—
Our baffled cauſe could not alarm me thus;
If conqueſt for the foe declar'd to day,
Our arms again the vagrant might compel,
And chain her to our ſide.—But know, my love
Has been defrauded!—Eleonora's heart
That wretch invades.—That raviſher, who crop'd
My budding fame and ſunk me to reproach!

He,

He, whom my jealouſy, in all its rage,
Hath ſingled for deſtruction!—

GRIME.

He ſhall die!—

STUART.

Yes, he ſhall die!—He ſhall be flea'd—impal'd!
And his torn bowels thrown to beaſts of prey;—
My ſavage hate ſhall on his tortures feed!
I will have vengeance!

GRIME.

Would'ſt thou have it full,
Include his patrons.—

STUART.

Ha!—What—ſhall my arm
Unſheath the ſecret ſteel!

GRIME.

Yes.—Strike at once,
For liberty, ambition and revenge.—
Let the proud tyrant yield his haughty ſoul;
And all his offſpring ſwell the ſanguine ſtream.
Let Angus periſh too.—

STUART.

STUART.

O wond'rous plan
Of unreſtrain'd barbarity !—It ſuits
The horrors of my boſom !—All !—What all ?
In ſlaughter'd heaps.—The progeny and ſire !—
To ſluice them in th' unguarded hour of reſt !—
Infernal ſacrifice !—dire—ev'n too dire
For my deſpair !—To me what have they done
To merit ſuch returns ?—No, my revenge
Demands the blood of one, and he ſhall fall.—

GRIME.

It ſhall ſuffice.—Dunbar ſhall bleed alone.—
But let us ſeize him on the verge of bliſs ;
When the fond maid's enkind'ling looks confeſs
The flames of baſhful love : when eager joy,
And modeſt fear, by turns exalt the bluſh
To a more fervid glow.—When Eleonora
Unfolds Elyſium to his raptur'd view,
And ſmiles him to her arms.—

STUART.

Hah !—Light'ning ſooth
Thy tongue, blaſphemer !—Sooner may this globe

Be

Be hurl'd to the profound abyſs of hell!—
But vain are words.—This is no place—remember,
He ſhall not triumph thus!—Thou haſt bely'd him—
He means it not.—Nor will the ſyren ſmile—
No, Grime,—ſhe dares not ſmile him to her arms!

GRIME.

Reproach, or mute diſguſt, is the reward
Of candid friendſhip, that diſdains to hide
Unpalatable truth!—I tell thee, youth,
Betroth'd by Angus to Dunbar, ſhe yields
Her plighted faith, this hour.—But ſee!—the maid
Moves hitherward alone!—

STUART.

Haſte, leave me, Grime!
My ſoul is up in arms!—my vengeance boils!
Love, jealouſy, implacable deſpair
In tempeſts wheel.—

GRIME.

Thou ſhalt not tarry here!—
Thy frantic rage may raſhly overturn
Our whole deſign!—

STUART.

STUART.

Let me not urge again
Thy swift departure!—hence—I come anon.—
[*Exit Grim.*

SCENE III.

STUART, ELEONORA.

STUART.

When last we parted, love had reconcil'd
Our mutual jealousies; and breath'd anew
The soul of harmony within our breasts.—
Hast thou not, since that period, entertain'd
One adverse thought to constancy and me?

ELEONORA.

Say, who invested thee with pow'r supreme
O'er Eleonora's conduct; that thou com'st
With frowning aspect, thus, to judge my fame?—
Hast thou not forfeited all claim to me?
Have I not seen thee stray from honour's path?
And shall my love be to the breast confin'd
Where treason in her darkest hue presides!—

 No!—

No!—let me wipe thee, blotted as thou art,
From my abhorrent thoughts!—

STUART.

Not all this pride
Of mimic virtue—not all th' assembl'd host
Of female wiles, how exquisite soe'er,
Shall shelter thee, deceiver!—What new stain
Defiles my bosom, since the morning saw
Thy tenderness o'erflow; and heard thy tongue
Seduce me to thy faithless arms, again?

ELEONORA.

Is this the testimony of thy love?
This thy asserted honour! to revile
Defenceless innocence?—But this will aid
My duty—to forget thee.—Do'st thou ask
What recent outrage has estrang'd my heart?—
There needed none.—The measure of thy guilt
Was full enough before.—Yet thou hast heap'd
Offences to excess: In battle fought
Against thy king; and fought, with lifted arm,
My father's life—ungrateful as thou art!
Know then, the honour of my name forbids
Our fates to join; and it shall ne'er be said,

That

That Eleonora, loſt to glory, took
A traitor to her bed!—

STUART.

Perfidious witch!
Thy charms ſhall not avail thee; for I come
Th' avenging miniſter of broken faith!
To claim the promis'd fruitage of my love—
Or—mark me—puniſh, with thy guilty blood,
Thy perjury and fraud!—

ELEONORA.

Wilt thou attempt
To gain by menaces, what the ſoft ſigh
Of plaintive anguiſh, would implore in vain?
Here ſtrike—and let thy ruthleſs poynard drink
The blood of Douglas, which has often flow'd
In Virtue's cauſe; and ev'ry ſoil enrich'd,
From wintry Scania to the ſacred vale
Where Labanon exhalts his lofty brow.—

STUART.

Egregious ſorc'reſs!—give me back my peace—
Bid yeſterday return, that ſaw my youth
Adorn'd in all its ſplendor, and elate

With

With gen'rous pride and dignity of ſoul!—
Ere yet thy ſpells had diſcompos'd my brain,
Unſtrung my arm, and laid me in duſt,
Beneath a rival's feet!—

ELEONORA.

Hear all ye powers!
He claims of me, what his own conſcious guilt
Hath robb'd him of.— And do'ſt thou look for peace
In my afflicted boſom?—There, indeed,
Thine image dwells with ſolitude and care,
Amid the devaſtation thou haſt made! [*Weeps.*

STUART.

O crocodile!—Curſe on theſe faithleſs drops
Which fall, but to enſnare!—Thy ſpecious words
Shall ſooner lull the ſounding ſurge, than check
The fury that impels me!—Yet—by heav'n,
Thou art divinely fair! and thy diſtreſs
With magic ſoftneſs ev'ry charm improves!—
Wer't thou not falſe as hell, not paradiſe
Could more perfection boaſt!—O! let me turn
My fainting eyes from thy reſiſtleſs face;
And from my ſenſe exclude the ſoothing ſound
Of thy inchanting tongue!—Yet—yet renounce

Thine infidelity—To thine embrace
Receive this wanderer—this wretch forlorn!—
Speak peace to his diſtracted ſoul; and eaſe
The tortures of his boſom!—

ELEONORA.

Hapleſs youth!
My heart bleeds for thee!—careleſs of her own,
Bleeds o'er thy ſorrows! 'mid the flinty rocks
My tender feet would tread to bring thee balm:
Or, unrepining, tempt the pathleſs ſnow!—
O! could my death recall thy baniſh'd quiet!
Here would I kneel, a ſuppliant to heav'n,
In thy behalf; and offer to the grave
The price of thy repoſe!—Alas! I fear
Our days of pleaſure are for ever paſt!

STUART.

O thou haſt joy and horror in thy gift!
And ſway'ſt my ſoul at will!—bleſs'd in thy love,
The memory of ſorrow and diſgrace,
That preys upon my youth, would ſoon forſake
My raptur'd thought, and hell ſhould plot in vain,
To ſever us again!—O! let me claſp thee,
Thou charm ineffable!

ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Forbear, fond youth,
Our unrelenting deſtiny hath rais'd
Eternal bars between us!

STUART.

Ha!—what bars?

ELEONORA.

A ſacrifice demanded by my ſire—
A vow—

STUART.

Perdition!—Say what vow, raſh maid!

ELEONORA.

A fatal vow! that blaſts our mutual love—

STUART.

Infernal vipers gnaw thy heart!—A vow!—
A vow that to my rival gives thee up!—
Shall he then trample on my ſoul at laſt!—
Mock my revenge and laugh at my deſpair!
Ha!—ſhall he rifle all thy ſweets, at will,
And riot in the tranſports due to me?

Th' accurſed image whirls around my brain !—
He pants with rapture !—Horror to my ſoul !
He ſurfeits on delight !—

ELEONORA.

O gentle heav'n !
Let thy ſoft mercy on his ſoul deſcend
In dews of peace !—Why roll with fiery gleam
Thy ſtarting eye-balls ?—Why on thy pale cheek
Trembles fell rage !—and why ſuſtains thy frame
This univerſal ſhock ?—Is it, alas !
That I have ſworn, I never will be thine ?—
True, this I ſwore—

STUART.

Hah !—never to be mine !
Th' awaken'd hurricane begins to rage !—
Be witneſs, heav'n, and earth, and hell ! ſhe means
To glad the boſom of my foe !—Come then
Infernal vengeance ! aid me to perform
A deed that fiends themſelves will weep to ſee ! [*Draws.*
Thus, let me blaſt his full-bloom'd——

Enter DUNBAR, who interpoſes.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, STUART, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ruffian, hold
Thy desp'rate hand!—What fury 'scap'd from hell,
Inspires thy rage to wanton in the blood
Of such excelling goodness?—

STUART.

Infamy
Like mine, deface the glories of thy name!
What busy dæmon sent thee hither, now,
My vengeance to defeat?—The hour is come—
The hour is come at last, that must decide
For ever our pretensions!

DUNBAR.

Whatso'er
Thy hate could meditate against my life,
My nature might forgive: but this attempt
Divests my soul of mercy—

STUART.

Guide my point
Ye pow'rs of darkness, to my rival's heart,
Then take me to yourselves. [*They fight.*

ELEONORA.

Restrain—restrain
Your mutual frenzy!—Horror!—help—behold—
Behold this miserable bosom!—plunge
Your poynards here; and in its fatal source
Your enmity assuage!— [*Stuart falling.*
It will not be—
Thy fortune hath eclips'd me: and the shades
Of death environ me.—Yet, what is death
When honour brings it, but th' eternal seal
Of glory, never—never to be broke!—
O thou hast slain me in a dreadful hour!
My vengeance frustrated—my prospect curs'd
With thy approaching nuptials! and my soul
Dismiss'd in all her—Eleonora!—Oh! [*Dies.*

SCENE V.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ah! wherefore dost thou wring thy tender hands
In woeful attitude?—ah! wherefore lift

Thy

Thy ſtreaming eyes to heav'n; while the deep groan
Dilates thy lab'ring breaſt?

ELEONORA.

This is too much—
This is too much to bear!—thou haſt deſtroy'd
My laſt remains of peace!

DUNBAR.

And, was thy peace
Depoſited in him?—In him who rais'd
His impious hand to kill thee!—Is it well
To mourn his fall, and thus accuſe the blow
That reſcu'd thee from death?

ELEONORA.

I blame not thee,
No, heav'n forbid!—I blame not my protector—
Yet thy protection has undone me quite!
And I will mourn—for ever mourn the hour—
Th' ill-omen'd hour, that on thy ſword conferr'd
Such terrible ſucceſs—How pale appear
Theſe clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigour glow'd!
O diſmal ſpectacle!—How humble now
Lies that ambition which was late ſo proud!—

Did he not call me with his lateſt breath!—
He would have ſaid—but cruel fate controul'd
His fault'ring tongue!—He would have ſaid, "For thee
"For thee falſe maid, I periſh undeplor'd!"
O! hadſt thou known how obſtinately true
My heart remain'd to thee, when thy own guilt,
My duty, and thy rival's worth, conſpir'd
To baniſh thee from thence, thy parting ſoul
Would have acquitted—nay, perhaps, bewail'd
My perſecuted truth!

DUNBAR.

O turn thine eyes
From the ſaid object!—Turn thy melting thoughts
From the diſaſt'rous theme, and look on me—
On me who would with ecſtaſy reſign
This wretched being, to be thus embalm'd
With Eleonora's tears!—Were I to fall,
Thy pity would not thus lament my fate!

ELEONORA.

Thy death, ſuch lamentation would not move,
More envy'd than bemoan'd;—thy memory
Would ſtill be cheriſh'd; and thy name ſurvive
To lateſt ages, in immortal bloom—

Ah, 'tis not ſo with him!—He leaves behind
No dear remembrance of unſully'd fame!
No monument of glory, to defy
The ſtorms of time!—Nought but reproach and ſhame!
Nought, but perpetual ſlander, brooding o'er
His reputation loſt!—O fearful ſcene
Of dire exiſtence, that muſt never cloſe!

SCENE VI.

ANGUS entering, ELEONORA, DUNBAR, attendants.

ANGUS.

What ſound of female woe—Ha! Stuart ſlain!
Alas! I fear thou art the fatal cauſe!— [*To Eleonora.*

ELEONORA.

Too well my father has divin'd the cauſe
Of their unhappy ſtrife!—Wherefore, ye powers!
Am I to miſery deliver'd up!
What kindred crime, alas! am I decreed
To expiate, that misfortunes fall ſo thick
On my poor head!

ANGUS

ANGUS to DUNBAR.

How durſt your lawleſs rage
Profane this ſacred place with private brawl?

DUNBAR.

By heav'n! no place, how much ſoe'er rever'd,
Shall ſcreen th' aſſaſſin who, like him, would aim
The murd'rous ſteel at Eleonora's breaſt!

ANGUS.

Ha!—were his aims ſo mercileſs?—Too juſt
The vengeance that o'ertook him!—But the event
With this unſtable juncture ill accords!—
Remove the body.—Thou meanwhile retire,
Thy preſence may awake, or aggravate
The rage of Athol. [*The body is removed.*

DUNBAR.

Therefore I obey.—
And O thou lovely mourner! who now droop'ſt
Like the ſpread roſe beneath th' inclement ſhower,
When next we meet, I hope to ſee thee bloom
With vernal freſhneſs, and again unfold
Thy beauties to the ſun! [*Exit. Dunbar.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Lets us, my child,
Lament with ſteadineſs, thoſe ills that flow
From our miſhap: yet therefore not aſcribe
To ſelf-demerit, impotently griev'd,
The guilt of accident.—Thou haſt enough
Denoted thy concern—Let me not think
Thy ſorrow hath eſpouſed a traitor's cauſe.

ELEONORA.

Ah! what avails to me, the hard-won palm
Of fruitleſs virtue?—Will it lull to reſt
Internal anguiſh!—Will it yield me peace?—

ANGUS.

Thy indiſcreet affliction, ſhall not plead
Againſt thee, with me, now.—remember this,
If thou art weak enough to harbour ſtill
A guilty flame; to thy aſſiſtance call
That noble pride and dignity of ſcorn,

Which

Which warms, exalts and purifies the ſoul—
But I will truſt thee to thyſelf.—Withdraw;
For Athol comes, and on his viſage low'rs
A ſtorm of wrath. *Exit Eleonora.*

SCENE VIII.

ANGUS, ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Are theſe the fair effects
Of our ſubmiſſion!—Theſe, the promis'd fruits
Of amity reſtor'd!—To violate
The laws of hoſpitality—To guide
The midnight murderer's inhuman blow,
And ſacrifice your gueſts!

ANGUS.

That Athol mourns
This unforeſeen ſeverity of fate,
I marvel not.—My own paternal ſenſe
Is wak'd by ſympathy; and I condole
His intereſting loſs.—But thus to tax
Our blameleſs faith with traiterous deſign,
Not with our pure integrity conforms,
Nor with thy duty, thane.

ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Ha! who art thou,
That I ſhould bear thy cenſure and reproof?—
Not proteſtation, nor th' affected air
Of ſympathy and candour, ſhall amuſe
My ſtrong conception, nor elude the cry
Of juſtice and revenge!

ANGUS.

Had juſtice crav'd
With rigid voice, the debt incurr'd by thee,
How had'ſt thou far'd?—Say, what haſt plac'd thy deeds
Above my cenſure?—Let this day's event
Proclaim how far I merit thy diſdain.—
That my humanity is miſconceived
Not much alarms my wonder: conſcious fraud
Still harbours with ſuſpicion.—Let me tell thee—
The fate of Stuart was ſupremely juſt.
Th' untimely ſtroke his ſavage heart prepar'd
Againſt the guiltleſs breaſt of Eleonora,
Avenging heav'n retorted on himſelf.

ATHOL.

I thought where all thy probity would end,
Diſguis'd accomplice!—But remember, lord,

Should

Should this blood-ſpotted bravo 'ſcape, ſecure
In thy protection, or th' unjuſt extent
Of regal pow'r, by all my wrongs! I'll ſpread
The ſeeds of vengeance o'er th' affrighted land,
And blood ſhall anſwer blood!

ANGUS.

How far thy threats
Are to be fear'd, we know.—But ſee, the king!—

SCENE IX.

KING, ANGUS, ATHOL.

KING.

Tell me—proud thanes, why are ye found oppos'd
In loud revilings?—You, that ſhould promote
By fair example, unity and peace!

ATHOL.

Have I not cauſe to murmur and complain?
Stuart, the lateſt gift and deareſt pledge
Of love fraternal, ſooth'd my bending age:
Him hath the unrelenting dagger torn
From my parental arms; and left, alas!

This

This ſapleſs trunk, to ſtretch its wither'd boughs
To you for juſtice!—Juſtice then I crave.

KING.

To ſend the injur'd unredreſs'd away,
How great ſoe'er the offender, or the wrong'd
Howe'er obſcure, is wicked—weak and vile:
Degrades, defiles and ſhould dethrone a king!
Say freely, thane, who has aggriev'd thee thus,
And were he dear as her who ſhares our throne,
Thou ſhalt have ample vengeance.

ATHOL.

Then I charge
The ſon of March with perfidy and murder.

ANGUS.

Were I with mean indifference to hear
Th' envenom'd tongue of calumny traduce
Defenceleſs worth, I ſhould but ill deſerve
Your royal confidence.—Dunbar has ſlain
The kinſman of this thane; yet fell he not
By murder, cowardice, or foul deſign.
The ſword of Stuart was already drawn
To ſacrifice my daughter, when Dunbar,
By heav'n directed hither, interpos'd,

Redeem'd the trembling victim, and repell'd
His rival's fury on his hapleſs head.

ATHOL.

Muſt I refer me to the partial voice
Of an invet'rate foe?—No, I reject
The tainted evidence, and rather claim
The combat proof.—Enfeebled are my limbs
With age that creeps along my nerves unſtrung,
Yet ſhall the juſtice of my cauſe recall
My youthful vigour, rouſe my loit'ring blood,
Swell ev'ry ſinew, ſtrengthen ev'ry limb,
And crown me with ſucceſs—Behold my gage
I wait for juſtice.

KING.

Juſtice ſhalt thou have—
Nor ſhall an equitable claim depend
On ſuch precarious iſſue.—Who ſhall guard
The weak from violence, if brutal force
May vindicate oppreſſion.—Truth alone
Shall rule the fair deciſion, and thy wrongs,
If thou art wrong'd, in my unbiaſs'd ſway
Shall find a juſt avenger.—Let Dunbar
Appear when urg'd, and anſwer to the charge. [*To Angus.*

[*Exeunt King, Angus.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

Curſe on the ſmooth diſſembler!—Welcome, Grime.
My ſoul is wrought to the ſublimeſt rage
Of horrible revenge!—If aught remain'd
Of cautious ſcruple, to the ſcatt'ring winds
I give the phantom.—May this carcaſe rot,
A loathſome banquet to the fowls of heav'n,
If e'er my breaſt admit one thought to bound
The progreſs of my hate!

GRIME.

What means my prince?

ATHOL.

Th' unhappy youth is ſlain!

GRIME.

Ha!—Hell be prais'd—
He was a peeviſh ſtripling, prone to change. [*Aſide.*
—Vain is condolance.—Let our ſwords be ſwift

To ſate his hov'ring ſhade.—I have conferr'd
With truſty Cattan, our deſign explain'd,
And his full aid ſecur'd.—To-night he rules
The middle watch.—The claas already move
In ſilence o'er the plain.

ATHOL.

Come then, ye powers
That dwell with night, and patronize revenge!
Attend our invocation, and confirm
Th' exterminating blow!—My boughs are lop'd,
But they will ſprout again: my vig'rous trunk
Shall flouriſh from the wound my foes have made,
And yet again, project an awful ſhade.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

KING, QUEEN, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

O! This was more than the ill-ſorted train
Of undetermin'd fancy!—This convey'd
No looſe imperfect images: but all
Was dreadfully diſtinct! as if the hand
Of Fate had wrought it.—Profit by thoſe ſigns—
Your guardian angel dictates.—O, my prince!
Let not your blind ſecurity diſgrace
The merit of your prudence.

KING.

No, my queen,
Let us avoid the oppoſite extremes
Of negligence ſupine, and proſtrate fear.—
Already hath our vigilance perform'd
What caution juſtifies: and for thy dream;
As ſuch conſider it.—The vain effect
Of an imagination long diſturb'd.—

Life with ſubſtantial ills, enough is curs'd:
Why ſhould we then, with frantic zeal, purſue
Unreal care; and with th' illuſive form
Which our own teeming brain produc'd, affright
Our reaſon from her throne?

QUEEN.

In all your courſe
Of youthful glory, when the guiding hand
Of warlike Henry led you to the field;
When my fond ſoul ſuffered the ſucceſſive pangs
Of fond impatience and repreſſive fear;
When ev'ry reeking meſſenger from France,
Wreath'd a new garland for Albania's prince,
And ſhook my boſom with the dreadful tale
That ſpoke your praiſe; ſay, did my weak deſpair
Recal you from the race?—Did not my heart
Eſpouſe your fame and patiently await
The end of your career?—O! by the joys
I felt at your return, when ſmiling love
Secure, with rapture reign'd.—O! by theſe tears,
Which ſeldom plead; indulge my boding ſoul!
Arouſe your conqu'ring troops; let Angus guard
The convent with a choſen band.—The ſoul
Of treaſon is abroad!

KING.

KING.

Ye ruling powers!
Let me not wield the ſceptre of this realm,
When my degen'rate breaſt becomes the haunt
Of haggard Fear.—O! what a wretch is he,
Whoſe fev'rous life devoted to the gloom
Of Superſtition, feels the inceſſant throb
Of ghaſtly panic!—In whoſe ſtartled ear
The knell ſtill deepens, and the raven croaks!

QUEEN.

Vain be my terrors—my preſages vain—
Yet with my fond anxiety comply,
And my repoſe reſtore!—Not for myſelf—
Not to prolong the ſeaſon of my life,
Am I thus ſuppliant! Ah no! for you—
For you whoſe being gladdens and protects
A grateful people.—You, whoſe parent boughs
Defends your tender offspring from the blaſts
That ſoon would tear them up!—For you the ſource
Of all our happineſs and peace I fear! [*Kneels.*

KING.

Ariſe, my queen—O! thou art all compos'd
Of melting piety and tender love!

Thou ſhalt be ſatisfy'd.—Is ev'ry guard
By Angus viſited?—

DUNBAR.

Ev'n now, my liege,
With Ramſay and his troop, he ſcours the plain.

KING.

Still watchful o'er his charge—The lib'ral hand
Of bounty will have nothing to beſtow,
Ere Angus ceaſe to merit!—Say, Dunbar,
Who rules the nightly watch?

DUNBAR.

To Cattan's care
The city guard is ſubject.

KING.

I have mark'd
Much valour in him.—Hie thee to him, youth,
And bid him with a choſen few, ſurround
The cloiſters of the convent; and remain
'Till morn full ſtreaming ſhall relieve his watch.

[*Exit Dunbar.*

Thus ſhall repoſe, with glad aſſurance, waft
Its balmy bleſſing to thy troubled breaſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

GRIME, CATTAN.

GRIME.

Thus far, brave Cattan, fortune ſeems inclin'd
To recompenſe us for the day's diſgrace.—
Our band conceal'd within the cloiſters, wait
With eagerneſs and joy the auſpicious hour,
To perpetrate the deed.—It now remains,
To regulate our conduct, and to each
His ſhare of this great enterprize aſſign.—
If Angus lives, in vain our arms devote
The uſurper and his progeny to death:
His power and principles will ſtill ſupply
Freſh obſtacles, which all our future efforts
Can ne'er ſurmount.

CATTAN.

Then let our ſwords prevent
All further oppoſition, and at once
Diſmiſs him to the ſhades.

GRIME.

Thine be the taſk—
I know with what juſt indignation burns

Thy gen'rous hate, againſt the partial thane,
Who, to thine age and ſervices, preferr'd
A raw unpractis'd ſtripling.

CATTAN.

Ha!—no more.
The bare remembrance tortures me!—O Grime!
How will my ſoul his mortal groans enjoy!

GRIME.

While we within perform th' intrepid blow,
To his apartment thou ſhalt move alone;
Nor will pretence be wanting: ſay, thou bring'ſt
Intelligence important, that demands
His inſtant ear:—Then ſhall thou find thy foe
Unarm'd and unattended.—Need my tongue
Inſtruct the further?

CATTAN.

No, let my revenge
Suggeſt what follows—By the pow'rs of hell!
I will be drunk with vengeance!

GRIME.

To thy guard
Meanwhile repair, and watch 'till he returns

With

With Ramsay from the plain.—But see! they come,
We must avoid them, and retire unseen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. An apartment.

ANGUS, RAMSAY.

ANGUS.

By heav'ns it much alarms me!—Wide o'er all
The dusky plain, by the fires half extinct,
Are seen the soldiers, roll'd in heaps confus'd,
The slaves of brutal appetite.—Save those
Beneath thy discipline, scarce one remains
From the contagion free.

RAMSAY.

When we return'd
Fatigu'd from battle, numbers brought, unask'd,
Refreshments for the wounded from the town;
Thence the temptation spread from rank to rank,
And few resisted.

ANGUS.

But that I consult
My king's tranquillity, and would not wake
Th' affrighted citizens with alarm,

An

An hundred trumpets ſhould this inſtant, raiſe
Their brazen throats together, and arouſe
Th' extended ſluggards.—Go, my valiant friend,
And with thy uninfected troops attend
To ev'ry motion of th' incertain night. [*Exit Ra*

SCENE IV.

ANGUS.

Now, the loud tempeſt of the toilful day
Subſides into a clalm.—And yet my ſoul
Still labours thro' the ſtorm!—By day or night,
In florid youth, or mellow age, ſcarce fleets
One hour without its care!—Not ſleep itſelf
Is ever balmy: for the ſhadowy dream
Oft bears ſubſtantial woe!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, CATTAN.

CATTAN.

My noble lord,
Within the portal as I kept my watch,
Swift gilding ſhadows by the glimm'ring moon,

I could

I could perceive in forms of armed men,
Poſſeſs the ſpace that borders on the porch—
I queſtion'd thrice; they yielded no reply:
And now the ſoldiers, rang'd in cloſe array,
Wait your command.

ANGUS.

Quick, lead me to the place—
Foul treaſon is at work!—

CATTAN.

It were not good
To venture forth unarm'd,—Couragious thane,
Receive this dagger,— [*Attempts to ſtab Angus, who wreſts the dagger from him and kills him.*

ANGUS.

Ha, perfidious ſlave!
What means this baſe attempt?—Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape.

CATTAN.

Curſe on my feeble arm that fail'd to ſtrike
The poynard to thy heart!—How like a dog
I tamely fall deſpis'd!

ANGUS

ANGUS.

Fell ruffian! ſay,
Who ſet thee on?—This treachery, I fear,
Is but the prelude to ſome dreadful ſcene!—

CATTAN.

Juſt are thy terrors.—By the infernal gulph
That opens to receive me! I would plunge
Into the abyſs with joy, could the ſucceſs
Of Athol feaſt my ſenſe!

[*A noiſe of claſhing ſwords and ſhrieks*

—Hah!—now the ſword
Of ſlaughter ſmoaks!—Th' exulting thane ſurveys
Th' imperial ſcene; while grimly ſmiling Grime
With purple honour deck'd.—

ANGUS.

Tremendous powers!

CATTAN.

O'er the ſlain tyrant ſtrides— [*Dies.*

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

Heav'n shield us all!
Amazing horror chills me!—Ha, Dunbar!
Then treason triumphs!—O my soul! my son!

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, DUNBAR wounded.

DUNBAR.

I sought thee, noble thane, while yet my limbs
Obey their lord.—I sought thee, to unfold
My zealous soul, 'ere yet she takes her flight—
Stretch'd on the ground, these eyes beheld the king
Transfix'd a lifeless corse! and saw this arm
Too late to save—too feeble to avenge him!—

ANGUS.

Weep Caledonia, weep!—thy peace is slain—
Thy father and thy king!—O! this event,
Like a vast mountain, loads my stagg'ring soul,
And crushes all her pow'rs!—But say, my friend,
If yet thy strength permits, how this befel.

DUNBAR,

DUNBAR.

A band of rebels, glean'd from the defeat
By Athol, lurk'd behind the adjacent hills:
These, faithless Cattan, favour'd by the night,
Admitted to the city, join'd their power
With his corrupted guard, and hither led them
Unmark'd, where soon they enter'd unoppos'd.—
Alarm'd, I strove—but strove, alas! in vain
To the sad scene 'ere I could force my way,
Our monarch was no more!! Around him lay
An heap of traitors, whom his single arm
Had slain before he fell.—Th' unhappy queen,
Who, to defend her consort's, had oppos'd
Her own defenceless frame, expiring, pour'd
Her mingling blood in copious stream with his!

ANGUS.

Illustrious victims!—O disast'rous fate!
Unfeeling monsters! execrable fiends!
To wanton thus in royal blood!

DUNBAR.

O thane!
How shall I speak the sequel of my tale!
How will thy fond parental heart be rent

With

With mortal anguiſh, when my tongue relates
The fate of Eleonora!

ANGUS.

Ha!—my fears
Anticipate thy words!—O ſay, Dunbar,
How fares my child!

DUNBAR.

The ſhades of endleſs night
Now ſettle o'er her eyes!—heroic maid!
She to th' aſſaulted threſhold bravely ran,
And with her ſnowy arms, ſupply'd a bolt
To bar their entrance:—But the barb'rous crew
Broke in impet'ous, cruſh'd her ſlender limb,
When Grime, his dagger brandiſhing, exclaim'd,
Behold the ſorc'reſs whoſe accurſed charms
Betray'd the youth; and whoſe invet'rate fire
This day revers'd our fortune in the field!—
This for revenge!—then plung'd it in her breaſt!—

ANGUS.

Infernal homicide!

DUNBAR.

There—there I own
He vanquiſh'd me indeed!—What tho' I ruſh'd

Thro' many a wound, and in th' assassin's heart
Imbru'd my faithful steel.—But see, where comes
By her attendants led, the bleeding fair!

SCENE VII.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA wounded and supported.

ELEONORA.

Here set me down—vain is your kind concern.—
Ah! who, with parent tenderness will bless
My parting soul, and close my beamless eyes!
Ah! who defend me, and with pious care
To the cold grave commit my pale remains! [*Swoons.*

ANGUS.

O misery!—look up—thy father calls— [*Embracing her.*

ELEONORA.

What angel borrows that paternal voice!
Ha! lives my father!—Ye propitious powers!
He folds me in his arms—Yes, he survives
The havock of this night!—O let me now
Yield up my fervent soul with raptur'd praise!
For Angus lives t' avenge his murder'd prince,

To ſave his country, and protract his blaze
Of glory, farther ſtill!

ANGUS.

And is it thus,
The melting parent claſps his darling child!
My heart is torn with agonizing pangs
Of complicated woe!

DUNBAR.

The public craves
Immediate aid from thee—But I wax weak.—
Our infant king, ſurrounded in the fort,
Demands thy preſent help.—

ANGUS.

Yes, loyal youth!
Thy glorious wounds inſtruct me what I owe
To my young ſov'reign, and my country's peace!
But how ſhall I ſuſtain the rav'nous tribe
Of various griefs, that gnaw me all at once?
My royal maſter falls, my country groans;
And cruel Fate has raviſh'd from my ſide
My deareſt daughter and my beſt-lov'd friend!

DUNBAR.

Thy praiſe ſhall be thy daughter; and thy friend
Survive unchang'd in ev'ry honeſt breaſt.

ANGUS.

Muſt we then part for ever!—What a plan
Of peaceful happineſs my hope had laid
In thee and her!—alas! thou fading flower,
How faſt thy ſweets conſume!—come to my arms,
That I may taſte them ere they fleet away!

[*Embracing her.*

O exquiſite diſtreſs!

ELEONORA.

For me, my father,
For me let not the bootleſs tear diſtil.—
Soon ſhall I be with thoſe, who reſt ſecure
From all th' inclemencies of ſtormy life.

ANGUS.

Adieu, my children!—never ſhall I hear
Thy chearing voice again!—a long farewell!

Exit Angus.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Soon shall our short'ned race of life be run.
Our day already hastens to its close;
And night eternal comes.—Yet, tho' I touch
The land of peace, and backward view, well pleas'd,
The tossing wave from which I shall be free,
No rest will greet me on the silent shore,
If Eleonora sends me hence unbless'd.

ELEONORA.

Distemper'd passion, when we parted last,
Usurp'd my troubled bosom, and Dunbar
With horror was beheld: but Reason now
With genial mildness beams upon my soul,
And represents thee justly, as thou art—
The tend'rest lover and the gentlest friend.

DUNBAR.

O transport, to my breast unknown before!
Not the soft breeze upon its fragrant wings,

Wafts ſuch refreſhing gladneſs to the heart
Of panting pilgrims, as thy balmy words
To my exhauſted ſpirits!—but, alas!
Thy purple ſtream of life forſakes apace
Its precious channels!—on thy poliſh'd cheek
The blowing roſes fade; and o'er thine eyes
Death ſheds a miſty languor!

ELEONORA.

Let me lean
Upon thy friendly arm—Yet, O retire!
That guilty arm!—Say, did it ne'er rebel
Againſt my peace?—But let me not revolve
Thoſe ſorrows now.—Were heav'n again to raiſe
That once-lov'd head that lies, alas! ſo low!
And from the verge of death my life recall,
What joy could viſit my forlorn eſtate,
Self-doom'd to hopeleſs woe!

DUNBAR.

Muſt I then wander,
A penſive ſhade, along the dreary vale,
And groan for ever under thy reproach!

ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Ah no! thou faithful youth, ſhall I repay
Thy love and virtue with ungrateful hate?
Theſe wounds that waſte ſo laviſhly thy life,
Were they not all receiv'd in my defence?
May no repoſe embrace me in the tomb,
If my ſoul mourns not thy untimely fall
With ſiſter-woe!—thy paſſion has not reap'd
The ſweet returns its purity deſerv'd.

DUNBAR.

A while forbear, pale miniſter of Fate,
Forbear a while; and on my raviſh'd ear
Let the laſt muſic of this dying ſwan,
Steel in ſoft blandiſhment, divinely ſweet!
Then ſtrike th' unerring blow.—

ELEONORA.

That thus our hopes,
Which bloſſom'd num'rous as the flow'ry ſpring,
Are nipp'd untimely, ere the ſun of joy
Matur'd them into fruit, repine not, youth.—
Life hath its various ſeaſons, as the year;
And after cluſt'ring Autumn—but I faint—

Support me nearer—in rich Harvest's rear
Bleak Winter must have lagg'd.—Oh! now I feel
The leaden hand of Death lie heavy on me.—
Thine image swims before my straining eye.—
—And now it disappears.—Speak—bid adieu
To the lost Eleonora.—Not a word!
—Not one farewel!—Alas! that dismal groan
Is eloquent distress!—Celestial powers
Protect my father, show'r upon his——Oh! [*Dies.*

DUNBAR.

There fled the purest soul that ever dwelt
In mortal clay!—I come, my love! I come.—
Where now the rosy tincture of these lips!
The smile that grace ineffable diffus'd!
The glance that smote the soul with silent wonder!
The voice that sooth'd the anguish of disease,
And held Attention captive!—Let me kiss
This pale deserted temple of my joy!
This, Chastity, this, thy unspotted shade
Will not refuse.—I feel the grisly king—
Thro' all my veins he shivers like the north—
O Eleonora! as my flowing blood
Is mix'd with thine—So may our mingling souls
To bliss supernal, wing our happy——Oh! [*Dies.*

SCENE the laſt.

ANGUS, RAMSAY. ATHOL, &c. Priſoners.

ANGUS.

Bright deeds of glory hath thine arm atchiev'd,
Courageous Ramſay; and thy name ſhall live
For ever in the annals of renown.—
—But ſee, where ſilent as the noon of night
Theſe lovers lie!—reſt—reſt ill-fated pair!
Your dear remembrance ſhall for ever dwell
Within the breaſt of Angus; and his love
Oft with paternal tears bedew your tomb!

RAMSAY.

O fatal ſcene of innocence deſtroy'd!

ANGUS, to ATHOL.

O bloody author of this night's miſhap!
Whoſe impious hands are with the ſacred blood
Of majeſty diſtain'd!—Contemplate here
The havock of thy crimes! and then bethink thee,
What vengeance craves.—

ATHOL.

With insolence of ſpeech
How dares thy tongue licentious, thus inſult

Thy ſov'reign, Angus?—Madly hath thy zeal
Eſpous'd a ſinking cauſe.—But thou may'ſt ſtill
Deſerve my future favour.—

ANGUS.

O thou ſtain
Of fair nobility!—thou bane of faith!
Thou woman-killing coward, who haſt crept
To the unguarded throne, and ſtabb'd thy prince!
What hath thy treaſon, blaſted as it is,
To bribe the ſoul of Angus to thy views?

ATHOL.

Soon ſhalt thou rue th' indignity now thrown
On me thy lawful prince.—Yes, talking lord,
The day will ſoon appear, when I ſhall riſe
In majeſty and terror, to aſſert
My country's freedom; and at laſt, avenge
My own peculiar wrongs.—When thou, and all
Thoſe grov'ling ſycophants, who bow'd the knee
To the uſurper's arbitrary ſway,
Will fawn on me.—Ye temporizing ſlaves!
Unchain your king; and teach your humble mouths
To kiſs the duſt beneath my royal feet.—

[*To the guard.*

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

The day will ſoon appear!—Day ſhall not thrice
Return, before thy carcaſe be caſt forth
Unbury'd, to the dogs and beaſts of prey,—
Or, high-exalted, putrify in air
The monument of treaſon.—

ATHOL.

Empty threat!
Fate hath foretold that Athol ſhall be crown'd.

ANGUS.

Then Hell hath cheated thee.—Thou ſhalt be crown'd—
An iron crown intenſely hot, ſhall gird
Thy hoary temples; while the ſhouting crowd
Acclaims thee king of traitors.

ATHOL.

Lakes of fire!—
Ha! ſaid'ſt thou lord!—a glowing iron crown
Shall gird my hoary temples!—Now I feel
Myſelf awake to miſery and ſhame!
Ye ſceptres, diadems and rolling trains
Of flatt'ring pomp, farewell!—Curſe on thoſe dreams
Of idle ſuperſtition, that enſnare

Th'

Th' ambitious ſoul to wickedneſs and woe!
Curſe on thy virtue, which hath overthrown
My elevated hopes! and may deſpair
Deſcend in peſtilence on all mankind!

ANGUS.

Thy curſe juſt heav'n retorts upon thyſelf!
To ſeperate dungeons lead the regicides.—

[*Exit guard with the priſoners.*

From thirſt of rule what dire diſaſters flow!
How flames that guilt ambition taught to glow!
Wiſh gains on wiſh, deſire ſurmounts deſire;
Hope fans the blaze, and Envy feeds the fire:
From crime to crime aſpires the madd'ning ſoul;
Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage controul;
'Till heav'n at length awakes, ſupremely juſt,
And levels all its tow'ring ſchemes in duſt!

THE

THE REPRISAL;

OR, THE

TARS OF OLD ENGLAND:

A

COMEDY

OF

TWO ACTS,

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

IN 1757.

PERSONS represented.

HEARTLY, a young gentleman of Dorſetſhire, in love with HARRIET.

BRUSH, his ſervant.

CHAMPIGNON, commander of a French frigate.

OCLABBER, an Iriſh lieutenant in the French ſervice.

MACLAYMORE a Scotch enſign in the French ſervice.

LYON, lieutenant of an Engliſh man of war.

HAULYARD, a midſhipman.

BLOCK, a ſailor.

HARRIET, a young lady of Dorſetſhire, betrothed to HEARTLY.

Soldiers, Sailors, &c.

SCENE, on board a French ſhip lying at anchor on the coaſt of Normandy.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. HAVARD.

AN ancient ſage, when death approach'd his bed,
Conſign'd to Pluto his devoted head;
And, that no fiend might hiſs, or prove uncivil,
With vows and pray'rs, he fairly brib'd the Devil:
Yet neither vows nor pray'rs, nor rich oblation,
Cou'd always ſave the ſinner—from damnation.
Thus authors, tottering on the brink of fate,
The critick's rage with prologues deprecate;
Yet oft the trembling bard implores in vain,
The wit profeſs'd turns out a dunce in grain:
No plea can then avert the dreadful ſentence,
He muſt be damn'd—in ſpite of all repentance.
Here Juſtice ſeems from her ſtraight line to vary,
No guilt attends a fact involuntary;
This maxim the whole cruel charge deſtroys,
No poet ſure was ever dull—by choice.
So pleads our culprit in his own defence,
You cannot prove his dullneſs is—prepenſe.
He means to pleaſe—he owns no other view;
And now preſents you with—a ſea ragout.
A diſh—howe'er you reliſh his endeavours,
Replete with a variety of flavours:

A ſtout

PROLOGUE.

A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,
Together boil in our enchanted pot;
To taint these viands with the true fumet,
He shreds a musty, vain, French—martinet.
This stale ingredient might our porridge mar
Without some acid juice of English tar.
To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,
And the desert shall be a bloodless battle.
What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
When Britain's wrath arous'd begins to lighten!
Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,
And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flow'rs of France.
Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,
When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallic shore;
When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,
And Drake diffus'd her fame around the world:
Still shall that god-like flame your bosoms fire,
The gen'rous son shall emulate the sire;
Her ancient splendor England shall maintain,
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,
And rise—th' unrival'd empress of the main.

THE

THE

REPRISAL:

OR, THE

TARS OF OLD ENGLAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

HEARTLY, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

WELL, if this be taking diverſion on the water, God ſend me ſafe on Engliſh ground! and if ever I come in ſight of the ſea again, may a watry grave be my portion.—Firſt, to be terrified with the thoughts of drowning—Secondly, to be toſſed and tumbled about like a foot-ball—Thirdly, to be drenched with ſea-water—Fourthly, to be ſtunk to death with pitch and tar and the ſavoury ſcent of my fellow-ſufferers—Fifthly, to be racked with perpetual puking till my

my guts are turned inside out — And sixthly and lastly, to be taken prisoner and plundered by the French!

HEARTLY.

Enough——Enough——

BRUSH.

Enough!—aye, and to spare—I wish I could give part to those who envy my good fortune—But, how will the good lady Bloomwell moralize when she finds her daughter Miss Harriet is fallen into the hands of Monsieur de Champignon!

HEARTLY.

No more—that reflection alarms me!—yet I have nothing to fear—as there is no war declared, we shall soon be released: and in the mean time the French will treat us with their usual politeness.

BRUSH.

Pox on their politeness! ah master! commend me to the blunt sincerity of the true surly British mastiff—The rascalion that took my purse bowed so low, and paid me so many compliments, that I ventured to argue the matter in hopes of convincing him he was in the wrong—

but

but he ſoon ſtopped my mouth with a vengeance, by clapping a cocked piſtol to my ear, and telling me he ſhould have the honour to blow my brains out—Another of thoſe polite gentlemen begged leave to exchange hats with me—A third fell in love with my ſilver ſhoe-buckles—Nay, that very individual nice buttock of beef, which I had juſt begun to ſurvey with looks of deſire, after the diſmal evacuation I had undergone, was raviſhed from my ſight by two famiſhed French wolves, who beheld it with equal joy and aſtoniſhment.

HEARTLY.

I muſt confeſs they plundered us with great dexterity and diſpatch; and even Monſieur de Champignon the commander did not keep his hands clear of the pillage—An inſtance of rapaciouſneſs I did not expect to meet with in a gentleman and an officer:—Sure he will behave as ſuch to Harriet!

BRUSH.

Faith! not to flatter you, Sir, I take him to be one of thoſe fellows who owe their good fortune to nothing leſs than their good works—He firſt rifled your miſtreſs and then made love to her with great gallantry—but you was in the right to call yourſelf her brother—if he knew

you were his rival you might pass your time very disagreeably.

HEARTLY.

There are two officers on board, who seem to disapprove of his conduct; they would not be concerned in robbing us, nor would they suffer their soldiers to take any share of the prey, but condoled Harriet and me on our misfortune, with marks of real concern.

BRUSH.

You mean lieutenant Oclabber and ensign Maclaymore, a couple of damned renegadoes!—you lean upon a broken reed if you trust to their compassion.

HEARTLY.

Oclabber I knew at Paris, when I travelled with my brother, and he then bore the character of an honest man and a brave officer—The other is an Highlander, excluded, I suppose, from his own country on account of the late rebellion; for that reason, perhaps, more apt to pity the distressed.—I see them walking this way in close conference—While I go down to the cabin to visit my dear Harriet, you may lounge about and endeavour to over-hear their conversation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Arrah, for what?—I don't value Monſieur de Champignon a rotten potatoe; and when the ſhip goes aſhore, I will be after aſking him a ſhivil queſtion, as I told him to his face, when he turned his back upon me in the cabin.

MACLAYMORE.

Weel, weel, maiſter Oclabber, I wonna tak upon me to ſay atogether ye'er in the wrang—but ye ken ther's a time far a' things; and we man gang hooly and fairly while we're under command.

OCLABBER.

You may talk as you plaiſe, Mr. Maclaymore—you're a man of learning, honey. Indeed, indeed I am always happy when you are ſpaiking, whether I am aſleep or awake a gra. But, by my ſhoul I will maintain, after the breath is out of my body, that the Engliſh peaſure boat had no right to be taken before the declaration

of war; much more the prisoners to be plundered, which you know is the prerogative of pirates and privateers.

MACLAYMORE.

To be sure, the law of nations does na prescind that privilege in actual war: for ye ken in ancient times, the victor teuk the *spolia opima*; and in my country to this very day we follow the auld practice, *pecudum prædas agere*. But, then, ye man take notice, nae gentleman wad plunder a leddy—awa', awa'!—fie for shame! and a right sonsy damsel too. I 'm sure it made my heart wae, to see the saut brine come happin o'er her winsome cheeks.

OCLABBER.

Devil burn me! but my bowels wept salt water to see her sweet face look so sorrowful!—och! the delicate creature!—she 's the very moral of my own honey, dear Sheelah o'Shannaghan, whom I left big with child in the county of Fermenaghan, grammachree!—Ochone my dear Sheelah!—Look here, she made me this sword-belt, of the skin of a sea-wolf that I shot at the mouth of the Shannon—and I gave her at parting a nun's discipline to keep her sweet flesh in order—och!

my

my dear honey captain, cried ſhe, I ſhall never do penance, but I will be thinking of you. Ah! poor Sheelah, ſhe once met with a terrible misfortune gra; we were all a merry-making at the caſtle of Ballyclough: and ſo Sheelah having drank a cup too much, honey, fell down ſtairs out of a window. When I came to her ſhe told me ſhe was ſpeechleſs; and by my ſhoul it was tree long weeks before ſhe got upon her legs again: then I compoſed a lamentation in the Iriſh tongue—and ſung it to the tune of Drimmendoo; but, a friend of mine, of the order of Shaint Francis, has made a relation of it into Engliſh, and it goes very well to the words of Elen-a-Roon.

MACLAYMORE.

Whether is't an elegy or an ode?

OCLABBER.

How the devil can it be odd, when the verſes are all even?

MACLAYMORE.

Gif it be an elegy, it muſt be written in the carmen elegiacum; or giff it be an ode, it may be monocolos, dicolos, tetraſtrophos—or perhaps its looſe iambics.

OCLABBER.

Arra, upon my conſcience I believe it is ſimple ſhambrucks, honey. But if you'll hold your tongue you ſhall ſee with your own eyes.

SONG.

I.

Ye ſwains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ye ſwains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ochone my dear jewel;
Why was you ſo cruel
Amidſt my companions to leave me alone?

II.

Tho' teague ſhut the caſement in Bally-clough hall;
Tho' teague ſhut the caſement in Bally-clough hall;
In the dark ſhe was groping,
And found it wide open;
Och! the devil himſelf could not ſtand ſuch a fall.

III.

III.

In beholding your charms, I can ſee them no more,
In beholding your charms, I can ſee them no more,
If you 're dead do but own it;
Then you 'll hear me bemoan it;
For in loud lamentations your fate I'll deplore.

IV.

Devil curſe this occaſion with tumults and ſtrife!
Devil curſe this occaſion with tumults and ſtrife!
O! the month of November,
She 'll have cauſe to remember,
As a black letter day all the days of her life,

V.

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I 've loſt!
With a rope I could catch the dear creature I 've loſt!
But, without a diſmiſſion,
I 'd loſe my commiſſion,
And be hang'd with diſgrace for deſerting my poſt.

Shall I never ſee you, my lovely Sheelah, theſe ſeven long years?—An it plaiſed God to bring us within forty

miles of each other, I would never desire to be nearer all the days of my life.

MACLAYMORE.

Hoot-fie! Captain Oclabber, whare 's a' your philosophy?—did ye never read Seneca *de Consolatione?*—or Volusenus, my countrymen, *de Tranquillitate Animi?* I 'se warrant we have left a bonny lass too, in the braes of Lochobar—my yellow-hair'd deary that wont to meet me amang the hether—Heigh sirs! how she grat and cried, "waes my heart that we should sun-"der."—Whisht, what 's a' that rippet?

[*A noise of drums.*

OCLABBER.

Arran-mon-deaul! they are beating our granadier's march, as if the enemy was in view: but, I shall fetch them off long enough before they begin to charge; or, by Shaint Patrick! I 'll beat their skulls to a pancake.

MACLAYMORE.

[*To a bag-piper crossing the stage.*

Whare are ye ga'ane with the moosic, Donald?

PIPER.

PIPER.

Guid fait! an pleaſe your honour, the commander has ſent for her to play a ſpring to the ſaſenach damſel: but, her nain ſell wad na pudge the length of her tae, without your honour's order—and ſhe 'll gar a' the men march before her with the Britiſh flag and the reſt of the plunder.

MACLAYMORE.

By my ſaul! he 's a gowk, and a gauky, to ettle at diverting the poor laſſy with the pupet-ſhew of her ain misfortune—but, howſomever, Donald, ye may gang and entertain her with a pibroch of Macreeman's compoſition; and if ſhe has any taſte for mooſic, ye 'll ſoon gar her forget her diſaſter.

OCLABBER.

Arrah, now ſince that's the caaſe, I would not be guilty of a rude thing to the lady; and if it be done to compoſe her ſpirits, by my ſhoul! the drum ſhall beat till ſhe's both deaf and dumb, before I tell it to leave off—but, we 'll go and ſee the proceſſion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Procession.

[*First the bag-pipe—then a ragged dirty sheet for the French colours—a file of soldiers in tatters—the English prisoners—the plunder, in the midst of which is an English buttock of beef carried on the shoulders of four meagre Frenchmen. The drum followed by a crew of French sailors.*]

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET:

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, you see de fortune of de war—my fate be admirable capricieux—you be de prisonier of my arm—I be de cautive of your eye—by gar! my glorie turn to my disgrace!

HARRIET.

Truly, I think so too—for nothing can be more disgraceful than what you have done.

CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON.

Den vat I ave done!—parbleu! I not underſtand vat you mean, madame—I ave de honour to carry off one great victoire over de Englis.

HARRIET.

You have carried off an unarmed boat, contrary to the law of nations; and rifled the paſſengers in oppoſition to the dictates of juſtice and humanity—I ſhould be glad to know what a common robber could do worſe.

CHAMPIGNON.

Common robber!—Madam your ſerviteur tres humble—de charm of your eſprit be as brilliant as de attraits of your perſonne: in one and t'oder you be parfaitement adorable—ſouffrez den dat I preſent my 'art at your altar.

HARRIET.

If you have any heart to preſent, it muſt be a very ſtale ſacrifice—for my own part I have no taſte for the *fumét*; ſo you had better keep it for the ladies of your own country.

CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah cruelle!—de ladies en France will felicite demſelves dat you renonce de tendre of Monſieur de Champignon.—Madame la ducheſſe—mais taiſons—alte la—et la belle marquiſe! ah quelles ames!—vanité apart, madam, I ave de honneur to be one man à bonnes fortunes.—Diable m'emporte! till I rencontre your invincible eye, I ave alway de ſame ſuccés in love as in war.

HARRIET.

I dare ſay you have been always equally lucky and wiſe.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah ma charmante!—dat is more of your bonté den of my merite—permettez donc, dat I amuſe you wid the tranſports of my flame.

HARRIET.

In a proper place, I believe I ſhould find them very entertaining.

CHAMPIGNON.

How you raviſh me, my princeſſe!—avouez donc, you 'ave de ſentimens for my perſonne—parbleu, it is all

all your generofité—dere is noting extraordinary in my perfonne, diable m'emporte! hai, hai. [*Cuts a caper.*

HARRIET.

Indeed, monfieur, you do yourfelf injuftice; for, you are certainly the moft extraordinary perfon I had ever the honour to fee.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah, ah, madame! I die under the charge of your politeffe—your approbation ave diffipé de brouillard dat envelope ma fantafie — your fmile infpire me wid allegreffe—allons! vive l'amour!—la, la, la, la—

HARRIET.

What a delicate pipe! I find, monfieur! you're alike perfect in all your accomplifhments.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, your flave eternellement—perfonnes of gout ave own dat me fing de chanfonettes not altogeder too bad, before I ave de honour to receive one ball de piftolet in my gorge, wen I board de Englis man of war, one, two, tree, four, ten year ago—I take poffeffion fabre a la main; but, by gar, de ennemi be opiniatre! —dey refufe to fubmit and carry me to Plimout—dere I ap-

I apprehend your tongue, madame—dere I dance, and ave de gallanteries parmi les belles filles Angloiſes—I teaſh dem to love—they teaſh me to ſing your jolies vaudevilles.— "A coblere dere vas, and he live in one "ſtall."—Hai, hai! how you taſte my talens, madame?

HARRIET.

Oh! you ſing inchantingly; and ſo natural, one would imagine you had been a cobler all the days of your life.—Ha, ha, ha!

CHAMPIGNON.

Hai, hai, hai!—if you not flatter me, madame, I be more happy dan Charlemagne—but I ave fear dat you mocquez de moi—tell a me of grace, my princeſſe, vat ſort of lover you ſhooſe—I vil transform myſelf for your plaiſir.

HARRIET.

I will not ſay what ſort of lover I like; but I'll ſing what ſort of lover I deſpiſe.

CHAMPIGNON.

By gat, ſhe love me eperduement. *(Aſide.)*

SONG.

I.

From the man whom I love, tho' my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise,
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

II.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau.
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow:
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

III.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tyger ferocious, perverse as an hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

IV.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu, madame, you ſing a marveilles—by gar, de figure be ver ſingulier.

SCENE IV.

HARRIET, CHAMPIGNON, HEARTLY.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monſ. Artlie, I ave de honeur to be your moſt umble ſerviteur—mademoiſelle your ſiſter ave des perfections of an ange; but ſhe be cold as de albâtre. You do me good office—I become of your alliance—you command my ſervice.

HEARTLY.

I hope my ſiſter will ſet proper value upon your addreſſes: and you may depend upon my beſt endeavours to perſuade her to treat your paſſion as it deſerves.

CHAMPIGNON.

As it deſerve!—mardy! dat is all I deſire—den I treat you as one prince. [*A ſervant whiſpers and retires*]

 Comment!

Comment! que m'importe—madame I muſt leave you for one moment to de gard of Monſieur your broder; but I return in one twinkle. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

HEARTLY, HARRIET.

HEARTLY.

My dear Harriet, have you good nature enough to forgive me for having expoſed you to all theſe dangers and misfortunes?

HARRIET.

I can't but be pleaſed with an event which has introduced me to the acquaintance of the accompliſhed Champignon, ha, ha, ha!

HEARTLY.

You can't imagine how happy I am to ſee you bear your misfortune with ſuch good humour, after the terror you underwent at our being taken.

HARRIET.

I was indeed terrible alarmed when a cannon ſhot came whiſtling over our heads; and not a little de-

jected when I found myſelf a priſoner—but I imagine all danger diminiſhes, or at leaſt loſes part of its terror, the nearer you approach it: and as for this Champignon, he is ſuch a contemptible fellow, that upon recollection, I almoſt deſpiſe myſelf for having been afraid of him—O' my conſcience! I believe all courage is acquired from practice.—I don't doubt but in time I ſhould be able to ſtand a battery myſelf.

HEARTLY.

Well, my fair Thaleſtris, ſhould you ever be attacked, I hope the aggreſſor will fall before you—Champignon has certainly exceeded his orders, and we ſhall be releaſed as ſoon as a repreſentation can be made to the French court.

HARRIET.

I ſhould be loth to trouble the court of France with matters of ſo little conſequence. Don't you think it practicable to perſuade the captain to ſet us at liberty? There is one figure in rhetoric which I believe he would hardly reſiſt.

HEARTLY.

I gueſs your meaning, and the experiment ſhall be tried, if we fail of ſucceſs from another quarter. I

intend to make myſelf known to Oclabber, with whom I was formerly acquainted, and take his advice. He and the Scotch enſign are at a variance with Champignon, and diſapprove of our being made priſoners.

SCENE VI.

HEARTLY, HARRIET, BRUSH.

HEARTLY to BRUSH.

Well, ſir, you have been fiſhing the bonny Scot: have you caught any intelligence?

BRUSH.

Sir, I have done your buſineſs—Captain Maclaymore and I have been drinking a bottle of ſour wine to the health of Miſs Harriet and your worſhip; in a word, he is wholly devoted to your ſervice.

HARRIET.

Pray, Mr. Bruſh, what method did you take to ingratiate yourſelf with that proud, ſtalking Highlander?

BRUSH.

I won his heart with ſome tranſient encomiums on his country. I affected to admire his plaid, as an im-

provement on the Roman toga; swore it was a most soldierly garb; and said, I did not wonder to see it adopted by a nation equally renowned for learning and valour.

HEARTLY.

These insidious compliments could not fail to undermine his loftiness.

BRUSH.

He adjusted his bonnet, rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, threw his plaid over his left shoulder with an air of importance, strutted to the farther end of the deck; then returning with his hard features unbended into a ghastly smile, "By my saul! "mon," says he, "ye 're na fule; I see ye ken foo "weel how to mak proper distinctions—you and I man "be better acquainted."—I bowed very low in return for the great honour he did me—hinted, that though now I was in the station of a servant, I had some pretensions to family: and sighing, cried *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

HEARTLY.

That scrap of Latin was a home thrust—You see, sirrah, the benefit of a charity school.

BRUSH.

Ay, little did I think, when I was flogged for neglecting my Accidence, that ever my learning would turn to ſuch account—Captain Maclaymore was ſurprized to hear me ſpeak Latin: yes he found fault with my pronunciation.—He ſhook me by the hand, though I was a little ſhy of that compliment, and ſaid he did not expect to find flowers under a nettle: but I put him in mind of the ſingat cat, for I was better than I was bonny—then he carried me to his cabin, where we might diſcourſe more freely; told me the captain was "a light-headed guſe," and expreſſed his concern at your captivity, which he ſaid was a flagrant infraction of the treaty of Aix la Chapelle.

HARRIET.

There I hope you backed his opinion with all your eloquence.

BRUSH.

I extolled his underſtanding; intereſted his gallantry in the cauſe of a diſtreſſed lady; and in order to clinch my remonſtrance, told him that my maſter's great grandmother's aunt was a Scotchwoman of the

name of Mackintoſh, and that Mr. Heartly piqued himſelf on the Highland blood that ran in his veins.

HEARTLY.

I 'm obliged to your invention for the honour of that alliance—I hope the diſcovery had a proper effect upon my couſin Maclaymore.

BRUSH.

He no ſooner heard that particular, than he ſtarted up, crying, "What the deel ſay ye? Mackintoſh!— "ſwunds mon! that 's the name of my ain mither— "wha kens but meſter Heartly and I may be coozens "ſeventeen times removed?" Then he gave me a full account of his pedigree for twelve generations, and hawked up the names of his progenitors till they ſet my teeth on edge. To conclude, he has promiſed to give you all the aſſiſtance in his power, and even to favour our eſcape; for, over and above his other motives, I find he longs to return to his own country, and thinks a piece of ſervice done to an Engliſh gentleman may enable him to gratify that inclination.

HEARTLY.

But what ſcheme have you laid for our eſcape?

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

The boat is along-ſide—our men are permitted to walk the deck—When the captain retires to reſt, and the watch is relieving, nothing will be more eaſy than to ſtep on board of our own galley, cut the rope, hoiſt the ſails, and make the beſt of our way to Old England.

HEARTLY.

But, you don't conſider that Monſieur de Champignon, if alarmed, may ſlip his cable and give us chace—nay, compliment us with a diſh of ſugar-plumbs that may be very hard of digeſtion.

BRUSH.

There the friendſhip of Maclaymore will be of ſervice: for, as ſoon as our flight is known, he and his men, on pretence of being alert, will make ſuch a buſtle and confuſion, that nothing can be done until we are out of their reach; and then we muſt truſt to our own canvaſs and the trim of our veſſel, which is a prime ſailer.

HARRIET.

The project is feasible, and may be the more practicable, if the Irish lieutenant can be brought to co-operate with the ensign.

HEARTLY.

Odso! there he comes.—Brush, go and wait upon Miss Harriet to her cabin, while I accost this Hibernian.

SCENE VII.

HEARTLY, OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Your humble servant, sir—I hope the lady is plaised with her accommodation—don't you begin to be refreshed with the French air blowing over the sea?—upon my my conscience! now, it's so delicate and keen, that for my own part, honey, I have been as hungry as an Irish wolf dog ever since I came to this kingdom.

HEARTLY.

Sir, I thank you for your kind inquiry.—I am no stranger to the French air, nor to the politeness of captain

tain Oclabber.—What! have you quite forgot your old acquaintance?

OCLABBER.

Acquaintance, honey!—by my ſhoul! I ſhould be proud to recollect your countenance, though I never ſaw you before in the days of my life!

HEARTLY.

Don't you remember two Engliſhmen at Paris, about three years ago, of the name of Heartly?

OCLABBER.

Ub ub oo!—by Shaint Patrick I remember you as well as nothing in the world.—Arrah, now, whether is it your own ſelf or your brother?

HEARTLY.

My brother died of a conſumption ſoon after our return to England.

OCLABBER.

Ah! God reſt his ſoul, poor gentleman—but it is a great comfort to a man to be after dying in his own country—I hope he was your elder brother, gra.—Oh!

I re-

I remember you two made one with us at the hotel de Buffy—by my ſhoul! we were very merry and frolickſome; and you know I hurt my ancle, and my foot ſwelled as big as three potatoes—by the ſame token I ſent for a rogue of a ſurgeon, who ſubſcribed for the cure, and wanted to make a hand of my foot.—Mr. Heartly, the devil fly away with me but I am proud to ſee you, and you may command me without fear or affection, gra.

HEARTLY.

Sir, you are extremely kind; and may, I apprehend, do me a good office with captain Champignon, who, I cannot help ſaying, has treated us with very little ceremony.

OCLABBER.

I'll tell you what, Mr. Heartly, we officers don't chuſe to find fault with one another; becauſe there's a diſcipline and ſubordination to be obſerved, you know; —therefore I ſhall ſay nothing of him as an officer, honey; but, as a man, my dear, by the maſs, he's a meer baiſt.

HEARTLY.

HEARTLY.

I'm glad to find your opinion of him ſo conformable to my own.—I underſtand by my ſervant too, that Mr. Maclaymore agrees with us, in his ſentiments of Monſieur de Champignon; and diſapproves of his taking our boat, as an unwarrantable inſult offered to the Britiſh nation.

OCLABBER.

By my ſhoul! I told him ſo before you came aboard. —As for enſign Maclaymore, there is not a prettier fellow in ſeven of the beſt counties in Ireland—as brave as a heron, my dear—arrah, the devil burn him if he fears any man that never wore a head.—Ay, and a great ſcholar to boot—he can talk Latin and Iriſh as well as the archbiſhop of Armagh.—Didn't you know we are ſworn brothers—tho' I'm his ſenior officer, and ſpaik the French more fluid, gra.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

HEARTLY, OCLABBER, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

O Lord, sir! all the fat's in the fire.

OCLABBER.

Arrah what's a fire, honey?

BRUSH.

All our fine project gone to pot!—We may now hang up our harps among the willows, and sit down and weep by Babel's streams.

HEARTLY,

What does the blockhead mean?

BRUSH.

One of our foolish fellows has blabbed that Miss Harriet is not your sister, but your mistress; and this report has been carried to Monsieur de Champignon, whom I left below in the cabin, taxing her with dissimulation, and threatening to confine her for life.—He sings, capers, swears and storms in a breath!—

I have

I have ſeen Bedlam; but an Engliſh lunatic at full moon, is a very ſober animal when compared to a Frenchman in a paſſion.

HEARTLY.

I care not for his paſſion or power—By heaven! he ſhall not offer the leaſt violence to my Harriet, while a drop of blood circulates in my veins!—I'll aſſault him, though unarmed, and die in her defence.—[*Going.*

OCLABBER.

Won't you be eaſy now?—your dying ſignifies nothing at all, honey; for, if you ſhould be killed in the fray, what excuſe would you make to the young lady's relations, for leaving her alone in the hands of the enemy?—by my ſhoul! you'd look very fooliſh.—Take no notice all, and give yourſelf no trouble about the matter—and if he ſhould raviſh your miſtreſs, by my ſalvation! I would take upon me to put him under arreſt.

HEARTLY.

The villain dares not think of committing ſuch an outrage!

OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Devil confound me! but I'd never desire a better joke—Och then, my dear, you'd see how I'd trim him—you should have satisfaction to your heart's content.

HEARTLY.

Distraction!—If you will not give me your assistance, I'll fly alone to her defence.

BRUSH.

Zooks! sir, you're as mad as he.—You'll ruin us past all redemption.—What the deuce are you afraid of?—Ravish!—An atomy like that pretend to ravish! No, no: he'll ravish nothing but our goods and chattels, and these he has disposed of already.—Besides, Miss Harriet, when his back was turned, desired me to conjure you in her name, to take care of yourself: for Champignon would have no pretence to confine her, if you was out of the way.

OCLABBER.

O' my conscience, a very sensible young woman! When there are two lovers in the caase, 'tis natural to

wish

wish one of them away.—Come along with me, honey; we'll hold a council of war with enſign Maclaymore—perhaps he may contrive mains to part you.—No man knows better how to make a ſoldierly retreat.

BRUSH.

Soldierly or unſoldierly, it ſignifies not a button—ſo we do but eſcape, I ſhall be glad to get away at any rate even if I ſhould fly like a thief from the gallows.

OCLABBER.

Devil fire you, my dear! you're a wag—Arrah, who told you that my friend Maclaymore eſcaped from the gallows?—By my ſhoul! 'tis all *fortune de la guerre*.—Indeed, indeed, I would never deſire to command a better corps than what I could form out of the honeſt gentlemen you have hanged in England.

HEARTLY.

I'm ſo confounded and perplexed in conſequence of this unlucky diſcovery, that can't ſtart one diſtinct thought, much leſs contribute to any ſcheme that requires cool deliberation.

OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Arrah faith, my dear, we muſt leave thoſe things to wiſer heads,—For my own part, I'm a ſoldier, and never burden my brain with unneceſſary baggage.

I won't pretend to lead, but I follow in the throng;
And as I don't think at all, I can never think wrong.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A great noiſe and buſtle behind the ſcenes.

MACLAYMORE, CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON running upon the ſtage in a ridiculous diſhabille.

PRENEZ garde qu'elle ne vous echappe! —aux armes!—Monſ. le Second—contre maitre—la chaloupe! la chaloupe!

MACLAYMORE.

[*Overturning him as if through miſtake.*

As I ſall anſwar, the folks are a' gaen daft! —deel ſtap out your een! I'm nae ſic midge but ye might a ſeen me in your porridge.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah meutrier! aſſaſſin! vous avez tué votre commandant!—holla ho! mes gens, a moi.

MACLAYMORE.

Hout, na! it canna be our commander Monſieur de Champignon, running about in the dark like a worri-

cow!—Preſerve us a'! it's the vara mon—weel I wot, Sir, I'm right ſorry to find you in ſic a pickle—but wha thought to meet with you playing at blind Harry on deck?

CHAMPIGNON. [*Riſing.*

Ventre ſaingris! my whole brain be derangée!—traitre! you be in de complot.

MACLAYMORE.

Traiter! me nae traiter, Meſter Champignon, or gude faith! you and I man ha' our kail through the reek.

CHAMPIGNON.

Were be de priſoniers?—tell a me dat—ha!—mort de ma vie! de Englis vaiſſeau!—de priſe! de priſoniers!—ſacrebleu! ma gloire! mes richeſſes! rendez moi les priſoniers—you be de enſeigne, you be de officier.

MACLAYMORE.

Troth, I ken foo weel I'm an officer—I wuſs ſome other people who haud their heeds unco high, ken'd the reſpact due to an officer, we ſhould na be faſhed with a' this din.

CHAMPIGNON

CHAMPIGNON.

Tell a me au moment, were be Monſieur Artlie? were be de priſoniers? wat you beat my brains wid your ſottiſes?

MACLAYMORE.

Nay, ſin ye treat me with ſa little ceremony, I man tell you, Meſter Heartly was na committed to my charge, and ſae ye may gang and leuk after him—and as for priſoners, I ken of nae priſoners but your ain valet, whom you ordered to be put in irons this morning for ſupping part of your bouillon, and if the poor fallow had na done the deed I think he muſt have ſtarved for want of victuals.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu! Monſieur Maclaimore, you diſtrait me wid your babil.—I demand de Englis priſoniers—m' entendez vous?

MACLAYMORE.

Monſieur de Champignon, je vous entens bien—there was nae Engliſh priſoner here—for I man tell you, Sir, that if ever you had read *Grotius de Jure Belli ac Pacis*—

-or *Puffendorf de officio Hominis & Civis* — ye wad a' ſeen he could na be in the predicament of a *captus in bello*, or an *obſes* or *vades*—for what? ye'll ſay—becauſe he was na teuk *flagrante bello*—*ergo* he was nae priſoner of war—now what ſays the learned Puffendorf?

CHAMPIGNON.

Comment! you call me Puff-and-horf? ventre bleu! you be one impertinent.

MACLAYMORE.

What, what! — that's a paughty word, Sir — that's nae langage for a gentleman—nae mair o'that, or gude faith we'll forget where we are.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu! you ave forget dat I be your general—your chief.

MACLAYMORE.

By my ſaul, mon! that's ſtrange news indeed—You my chief! you chief of the Maclaymores!

CHAMPIGNON.

Oui, moi, ruſtre—moi qui vous parle.

MACLAYMORE.

Donna ruſtre me, Sir, or deel dam my ſaul, but I 'll wraſt your head aff your ſhoulders, if ye was the beſt Champignon in France.

[*They draw and fight.*

SCENE II.

OCLABBER, CHAMPIGNON, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Devil fire you my lads! what 's the maining of all this diſturbance?—o' my conſcience! there 's no ſuch thing as reſting below—a man would lie as quiet at the bottom of the ſea—I 've been a bed theſe tree hours, but I could not cloſe an eye, gra; for you waked me before I fell aſleep. [*Pretending to diſcover Champignon.* Arrah now, don't I dream, honey? what is it your own-ſelf Monſieur de Champignon, going to attack my enſign?—by my ſhoul! that 's not ſo ſhivil now, aboard of your own ſhip. Gentlemen, I put you both under arreſt in the king's name—you ſhall ſee one another locked in your cabins with your own hands; and then, if you cut one another's troats, by the bleſſed virgin!

you ſhall be brought to a court martial, and tried for your lives, agra.

MACLAMORE. [*Sheathing his ſword.*

Weel, weel, Sir,—ye 're my commanding officer—*tuum eſt imperare*—but, he and I ſall meet before mountains meet—that 's a'.

CHAMPIGNON to OCLABBER.

Vat! you preſume to entremettre in mes affaires d' honeur—you have de hardieſſe to diſpute wid me de command of dis vaiſſeau de guerre?—tell a me if you know my condition, ha?

OCLABBER.

Indeed, indeed my dear, I believe your preſent condition is not very ſavoury—but, if enſign Maclaymore had made you ſhorter by the head, your condition would have been ſtill worſe—and yet upon my conſcience! I have ſeen a man command ſuch a frigate as this, without any head at all.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monſieur O-claw-bear, you mocquez de moi—you not ſeem to know my nobleſſe—dat I deſcend of de

bonne

bonne famille—dat my progeniteurs ave bear de honourable cotte—de cotte of antiquité.

OCLABBER.

By my ſhoul! when I knew you firſt, you bore a very old coat yourſelf, my dear; for it was threadbare, and out at elbows.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah! la mauvaiſe plaiſanterie.—Daignez, my goot lieutenant O-claw-bear, to onderſtand dat I ave de grands alliances—du bien—de rente—dat I ave regale des princes in my chateau.

OCLABBER.

Och! I beg you chateau's pardon, grammachree! I have had the honour to ſee it on the banks of the Garonne—and by my ſhoul! a very venerable building it was—aye, and very well bred to boot, honey; for, it ſtood always uncovered: and never refuſed entrance to any paſſenger, even though it were the wind and the rain, gra.

CHAMPIGNON.

You pretendez to know my famille, ha?

OCLABBER.

By Shaint Patrick! I know them as well as the father that bore them—your nephew is a begging-brother of the order of Shaint Francis—Mademoiſelle, your ſiſter, eſpouſed an eminent ſavatier in the county of Bearne; and your own ſhelf, my dear, firſt mounted the ſtage as a charlatan: then ſerved the Count de Bardaſch for your diverſion; and now by the King's ſavour, you command a frigate of twelve guns, lying at anchor within the province of Normandy.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah quelle mediſance!—que vous imaginez bien Monſieur—but, I vill repreſent your conduit to des marchaux of France; and dey vill convince you dat Monſieur de Champignon is one perſonne of ſome conſideration—un charlatan!—mardy! dat be ver plaiſant.—Meſſieurs, ſerviteur—I go to give de neceſſaires ordres pour rattraper de Englis chaloupe—juſque au revoir—Charlatan!—Savatier!—Morte de ma vie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Faith and troth! my dear, you 'll ſee the chaloupe far enough out of ſight, by this time.

MAC-

MACLAYMORE.

By my ſaul! captain, ye ſent him awa' with a flea in his bonnet—He 'll no care to wreſtle anither fa' with you in a hurry—he had the wrang ſow by the lug.

OCLABBER.

If he will be after playing at rubbers, he muſt expect to meet with bowls—pooh! I main, he muſt look to meet with bowls, if he will be playing at rubbers—arra man deaul! that 's not the thing neither—but, you know my maining, as the ſaying is

MACLAYMORE.

Hoot, aye—I'ſe warrant I ken how to gar your bools row right—and troth I canna help thinking but I played my parts pretty weel for a beginner.

OCLABBER.

For a beginner!—Devil fetch me! but you played like a man that jokes in earneſt—but your joke was like to cut too keen, honey, when I came to part you—and yet I came as ſoon as you tipped me the wink with your finger.

MAC-

MACLAYMORE.

Let that flie ſtick i' the wa'—when the dirt 's dry it will rub out—but, now we man tak care of the poor waff laſſy that 's left under our protection, and defend her from the maggots of this daft Frenchman.

OCLABBER.

I will be after confining him to his cabin, if he offers to touch a hair of her beard, agra.

MACLAYMORE

It 's now break of day—donna ye ſee the bonny grey-eyed morn blinking o'er yon moſſy craig?—We 'll e 'en gang doun and tak a taſſe of whiſky together, and then ſee what 's to be done for Miſs Harriet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

HARRIET, BRUSH.

HARRIET.

O Lord! I 'm in ſuch a flutter—What was the meaning of all that noiſe?—Bruſh, are you ſure you maſter is out of all danger of being re-taken?

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

Yes, yes, Madam, ſafe enough for this bout—The two land officers performed their parts to a miracle—My maſter and our people ſlipped into the boat, without being diſturbed by the centries who were tutored for the purpoſe; and they were almoſt out of ſight, before Champignon was alarmed by a ſtarved Frenchman, whoſe hunger kept him awake—but, now they have doubled the point of land, and in four hours or ſo will be in ſight of ſweet Old England—I'm ſure, I ſent many a wiſhful look after them.

HARRIET.

What! you are ſorry then for having ſtayed behind with me?

BRUSH.

O! by no manner of means, Ma'am—to be ſure you did me an infinite deal of honour, Ma'am, in deſiring that I might be left, when you ſpoke to my Maſter through the barricado—but, yet, Ma'am, I have ſuch a regard for Mr. Heartly, Ma'am, that I ſhould be glad to ſhare all his dangers, Ma'am—though after all is done and ſaid, I don't think it was very kind in

him to leave his miſtreſs, and faithful ſervant in ſuch a dilemma.

HARRIET.

Nay, don't accuſe your maſter unjuſtly—you know how unwillingly he complied with my requeſt—we could not gueſs what villainous ſteps this fellow, Champignon, might have taken to conceal his rapine, which Mr. Heartly will now have an opportunity to repreſent in its true colours.

BRUSH.

Well—heaven grant him ſucceſs, and that ſpeedily—for my own part, I have been ſo long uſed to his company, that I grow quite chicken-hearted in his abſence—If I had broke my leg two days ago, I ſhould n't have been in this quandary—God forgive the man that firſt contrived parties of pleaſure on the water.

HARRIET.

Hang fear, Bruſh, and pluck up your courage—I have ſome ſmall ſkill in phyſiognomy, and can aſſure you it is not your fate to die by water—Ha! I ſee the captain coming this way—I muſt bear the brunt of another ſtorm.

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

Odſo! I 'll run down to Lieutenant Oclabber, and his enſign, and give them notice, in caſe there ſhould be occaſion to interpoſe. [*Exit Bruſh.*

SCENE V.

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, you pardon my preſomption, dat I pay my devoirs, in diſhabille—bot it be all for your ſervice—Monſieur your amant ave decampé ſans façon—I take de alarm, and make all my efforts to procure de plaiſir of ſeeing him again—Ah! he be de gallant homme to abandon his maitreſſe!

HARRIET.

Is there no poſſibility of bringing him back?

CHAMPIGNON.

By gar! it be tout a fait impoſſible—he ſteal comme one thief into de chaloupe, and vaniſh in de obſcurité!

HARRIET.

HARRIET.

I'm heartily glad to hear it!

CHAMPIGNON.

For vat you be glad, my princeſs, ha?

HARRIET.

That he's no longer in your power.

CHAMPIGNON.

Bon!—juſte ciel!—how you make me happy to ſee you glad, Madame! la, la, la, ra, ra—Ventre bleu! he be one fugitif—if we rencontre again, revanche! revanche! la, la, la, ra, ra—Permettez donc, Madame, dat I ave de honeur to languiſſe before your feet—ave pitie of me—take my ſword—plongez dans my boſom.—Ah! larron! perfide!—la, la, la, ra, ra.

[*He ſings, kneels, and dances by turns.*

Monſieur Artlie is not in my power—bon!—but, by gar! Madame, you know who is, hah!

HARRIET.

As for me, my ſex protects me—I am here indeed, a priſoner and alone; but you will not, you dare not treat me with indignity.

CHAM-

CHAMPIGNON.

Dare not!—Bravo—Shew to me de man vil ſay I dare not—ça—ha—hah! [*Capers about.*

HARRIET.

You 're in ſuch a dancing humour, 'tis pity you ſhould want muſic—Shall I ſing you a ſong?

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah cruelle!—you gouverne vid ſoverain empire over my art—you rouſe me into one ſtorm—you ſing me into one calm.

SONG.

I.

Let the nymph ſtill avoid, and be deaf to the ſwain
Who in tranſports of paſſion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is ſhewn;
And the blaſt that blows loudeſt is ſoon o'erblown.

II.

But the ſhepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
Will ſubmiſſive adore, and rejoice in the ſmart;
Or in plaintive ſoft murmurs, his boſom-felt woe
Like the ſmooth gliding current of rivers will flow.

III.

III.

Tho' ſilent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your ſway in a tribute of ſighs;
But, when he accoſts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderneſs, rapture, and love.

SCENE VI.

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

News! news! there 's an Engliſh man of war's boat along-ſide, with a flag of truce.

CHAMPIGNON.

Comment!—Madame, you ave de bonté to retire to your cabane—I go dreſs myſelf, and give de audience.

[*Exit Champignon.*

SCENE VII.

HARRIET, BRUSH.

HARRIET.

O Bruſh! Bruſh! how my little heart palpitates with fear and ſuſpenſe! — What does the arrival of this boat portend?

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

Our deliverance from the hands of the philiſtines, I hope—it could not arrive at a more ſeaſonable juncture; for my ſpirits are quite flagged—not that I'm ſo much concerned on my own account, Ma'am—but, I can't be inſenſible to your danger, Ma'am—I ſhould be an ungrateful wretch if I did not feel for one that is ſo deaf to Mr. Heartly, Ma'am.

HARRIET.

Really, Mr. Bruſh, you ſeem to have improved mightily in politeneſs, ſince you lived among theſe French gentlemen.

BRUSH.

Lived, Ma'am!—I have been dying hourly ſince I came aboard; and that politeneſs which you are pleaſed to mention, Ma'am, is nothing but ſneaking fear and hen-heartedneſs, which I believe (God forgive me) is the true ſource of all French politeneſs; a kind of poverty of ſpirit, or want of ſincerity—I ſhould be very proud to be drubbed in England for my inſolence and ill-breeding.

HARRIET.

Well, I hope you 'll ſoon be drubbed to your heart's content—When we reviſit our own country, you ſhall have all my intereſt towards the accompliſhment of your wiſh—mean while do me the favour to make further inquiry about this ſame flag of truce, and bring an account of what ſhall paſs, to my cabin, where I ſhall wait for you with the utmoſt impatience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

BLOCK, and another ſeaman.

BLOCK.

Smite my limbs, Sam, if the lieftenant do clap her aboard, here is no plunder—nothing but rags and vermin, as the ſaying it—we ſhall ſhare nothing but the guns and the head-money—if you call thoſe heads that have no bodies belonging to 'um.—Mind that there ſcarecrow—ſee how his cloth hangs in the wind—Adzooks! the fellow has got no ſtowage—he 's all upper-work and head-ſail—I 'll be damn'd if the firſt hard ſquall don't blow him into the air like the peeling of an onion.

To

To him BRUSH.

Heh?—how!—no ſure!—Yes faith but it is—Odſo! couſin Block, who thought to meet with you among the French?

BLOCK.

What chear ho?—How does mother Margery?—meet me among the French! Agad! I'd never deſire better paſtime than to be among 'em with a good cutlaſh in my hand, and a brace of piſtols in my girdle—Why look you, brother, hearing as how you and your miſtreſs were wind-bound, we are come along ſide to tow you into the offing.

BRUSH.

The Lord reward you, couſin—but, what if this damned Frenchman ſhould refuſe to part with us?

BLOCK.

Why then, lieftenant Lyon is a cruiſing to windward of that there head-land—he 'll be along ſide in half a glaſs, fall under your ſtern, clap his helm a ſtarboard, rake you fore and aft, and ſend the Frenchman and every ſoul on board to the devil in the turning of an handſpike.

BRUSH.

The devil he will!—but cousin, what must become of me then?

BLOCK.

Thereafter as it may be—You must take your hap, I do suppose—we sailors never mind those things—every shot has its commission, d'ye see—we must all die one time, as the saying is—if you go down now, it may save your going aloft another time, brother.

BRUSH.

O! curse your comfort.

BLOCK.

Hark ye, brother, this is a cold morning—have you picked up never a runlet along shore?—What d'ye say to a slug?

BRUSH.

Slug!—O, I understand you—

[*Fetches a keg of brandy, which Block sets to his head.*

BLOCK.

Right Nantz, strike my top-sails!—Odds heart! this is the only thing in France that agrees with an Englishman's

gliſhman's conſtitution.—Let us drink out their brandy, aud then knock out their brains—This is the way to demoliſh the ſpirit of the French. An Engliſhman will fight at a minute's warning, brother—but a Frenchman's heart muſt be buoyed up with brandy—No more keg, no more courage.

BRUSH.

T' other pull, couſin.

BLOCK.

Avaſt, avaſt—no more canvas than we can carry—we know the trim of our own veſſel—Smite my croſs trees! We begin to yaw already—Hiccup.—

BRUSH.

Odſo! our commander is coming upon deck to give audience to your midſhipman.

BLOCK.

Steady. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, BRUSH, TOM HAULYARD an English midshipman.

CHAMPIGNON.

Eh bien, Monsieur, qui souhaite il?

HAULYARD.

Anan—Monseer sweat ye!—Agad! I believe, if we come along side of you, we'll make you all sweat.

MACLAYMORE.

That's mair than ye can tell, my lad—ye may gar me sweet with fetching; but it's no in your breeks to gar me sweet with fear.

OCLABBER.

You may sweat me after I'm dead, honey—but, by the blessed virgin! you shall not sweat me alive—and so you may be after delivering your message, gra.

HAULYARD.

If it wa'n't for such as you that shew your own country the fore top-sail, wold our enemy's cable, and man

man their quarters, they would never ride out the gale, or dare to ſhew their colours at ſea—but howſomever, we'll leave that bowling i' the block, as the ſaying is—if ſo be as how that there Frenchman is commander of this here veſſel, I have orders from my officer to demand an Engliſh young woman, with all her baggage and thingumbobs, that he took yeſterday out of a pleaſure-boat, belonging to one Mr. Heartly of Dorſetſhire, who ſlipped the painter this morning.

CHAMPIGNON.

Mardy! de commiſſion be very peremtoire!—ecoute mon ami, vat you call Monſieur your commandant?

HAULYARD.

I don't take in your palaver, not I—and mayhap, you don't know my lingo; but, agad! we'll ſoon make you underſtand plain Engliſh.

OCLABBER.

Monſieur Champignon wants to know who is your commanding officer, honey.

HAULYARD.

Who ſhould it be, but lieftenant Lyon of the Triton man of war of ſixty guns! as bold a heart as ever crack'd biſcuit.

CHAMPIGNON.

Bon!—ſuppoſe dat I refuſe de command of Monſieur Lionne?

HAULYARD.

Suppoſe!—if you do, he 'll run you along ſide, yard-arm and yard-arm, and blow you out of the water; that 's all.

CHAMPIGNON.

By Gar! he vill find himſelf miſtaken; here is not vater for one ſixty gun ſhip—*(aſide)* Heark you me, Monſieur, vat is your name, tell Monſieur Lionne dat I am called Michel Sanſon Goluat de Champignon, Marquis de Vermiſſeau—dat I ave de honeur to ſerve de king—dat fear be one begattelle of wich I have de mepris—dat I regard you ambaſſade as de galimatias—dat my courage ſuffice to attack one whole Englis eſcadre; and dat if Monſ. Lionne be diſpoſed to rendre moi un viſite, I ſhall ave de gloire to chaſtiſe his preſomption; ſo I permitte you go your way.

MACLAYMORE.

Diſſentio—bide you Billy—there 's nae clerk here I trow—weel, lieutenant Oclabber, I tak inſtruments in

in your haund againſt the proceedings of Captain Champignon, wha has incarcerate the Engliſh leddy, contrair to the law of nature and nations. Now, cocky, ye may gang about your buſineſs; when ye come back, I'ſe tauk with you in another ſtyle.

OCLABBER.

For my own part, honey, I ſhall be after ſhewing you ſome diverſion in the way of my duty; but I taake you to witneſs that I have no hand in detaining the lady wo is plaiſed to favour us with her company againſt her own conſent, gra.

HAULYARD.

Mayhap you may truſt to your ſhoal water—if you do you're taken all aback, brother: for, lieſtenant Lyon commands a tender of twelve guns and fifty ſtout hands, that draws leſs than this here frigate by the ſtreak? and—heh!—agad! yonder ſhe comes round the point with a flowing ſail—b'w'ye Monſeer Champignon! all hands to quarters; up with your white rag; I doubt my officer and I will taſte ſome of your ſoup meagre by that time you pipe to dinner. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, BRUSH.

CHAMPIGNON.

Mort de ma vie! je ne vous attendois par ſitot, a quelle coté faut il que je me tourne? ſacrebleu! [*aſide.* Meſſieurs, I demand your conſeil; you proteſt againſt my conduite; if you tink me ave done de injuſtice, you vil find me tout a fait raiſonable; we render Mademoiſelle to de Engliſ; for I judge it bien mal a-propos to engage de enemi, vere de ſpirit of contradiction reign among ourſelves.

OCLABBER.

Faith and troth! my dear, the contradiction is all over; you have nothing to do but to ſtation your men; and as for Mr. Maclaymore and my own ſhelf, the Engliſh cannon may make our legs and arms play at loggerhead in the air, honey, but we'll ſtand by you for the glory of France, in ſpite of the devil and all his works, gra.

MACLAYMORE.

MACLAYMORE.

Never fash your noddle about me: conscience! I'se no be the first to cry barley.

OCLABBER.

Ensign Maclaymore, I order you to go and take possession of the forecastle with your division, honey. I wish they may stand fire till you're all knock'd o'the head, gra; but, I'm afraid they're no better than dunghills; for they were raised from the *Canaille* of Paris.—And now I'll go and put the young lady below water, where she may laugh in her own sleeve, gra; for if the ship should be blown up in the engagement, she is no more than a passenger, you know; and then she'll be released without ransom.

BRUSH.

God bless you, captain Oclabber, for your generosity to my poor lady: I was ordered by my master to give her close attendance; and though I have a great curiosity to see the battle, Miss Harriet must by no means be left alone.

[*Exeunt Oclabber, Maclaymore and Brush.*

SCENE XI.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ventre ſaingris! que ferai-je? Je me ſens tout embrouillé—ces autre Anglois ſont ſi precipités! que diable les etouffe. Allons! Aux armes! matelots—mes enfans! chardon—chiſon—ortie—fumiere—l'hibou—la faim—allons—vite, vite—aux armes!

[*A crew of tatterdemalions running up and down the deck in confuſion—the noiſe of cannon and muſquetry.*

Ah mon bon dieu! ayez pitié de moi encore—qu' on m' apporte de l'eau de vie. Ah miſerable pecheur!—je ſuis mort!—je ſuis enterré!—ah! voila aſſez mes enfans—ceſſez—deſiſtez—il faut amener—Monſieur O-claw-bear—lieutenant O-claw-bear!

SCENE XII.

OCLABBER.

Holloa! [*Behind the ſcenes.*

CHAMPIGNON.

Laiſſez—laiſſez—leave off your fire—de ennemi be too ſtrong—we ave abaiſſée le drapeau—I command you leave off—

OCLABBER,

OCLABBER.

Leave off! arrah for what?

CHAMPIGNON.

De ennemi vil accord no quartier.

OCLABBER.

Devil burn your quarter! — what ſignifies quarter when we 're all kill'd? — The men are lying along the deck like ſo many paiſe; and there is ſuch an abominable ſtench, gra—by my ſhoul! I believe they were all rotten before they died.

[*Coming upon the ſtage.*

Arrah mon deaul! I believe the Engliſh have made a compact with the devil to do ſuch execution; for my enſign has loſt all his men too but the piper, and they two have cleared the forecaſtle ſword in hand.

BRUSH.

[*In great trepidation.*

O Lord! Mr. Oclabber, your enſign is playing the devil—hacking and hewing about him like a fury; for the love of God interpoſe, my maſter is come aboard, and if they ſhould meet there will be murder.

OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

By my ſhoul! I know he has a regard for Mr. Heartly, and if he kills him it will be in the way of friendſhip, honey—howſomever, if there's any miſchief done I'll go and prevent it. [*Exit Oclabber.*

SCENE XIII.

CHAMPIGNON, Lieutenant LYON, HEARTLY, HAULYARD, BRUSH, BLOCK, and Engliſh ſailors.

CHAMPIGNON.

[*Throwing himſelf on his knees and preſenting his ſword.*

Ah! miſericorde, Monſieur Artlie, quartier—quartier, pour l'amour de Dieu!

HEARTLY.

I have no time to mind ſuch trifles—where is my Harriet?

BRUSH.

I'll ſhew you the way to the poor ſolitary pigeon—maſter, this is a happy day!

[*Exeunt Heartly and Bruſh.*

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, Lieutenant LYON, HAULYARD, CHAMPIGNON, &c.

OCLABBER.

[*Delivering his ſword.*

Gentlemen, your's is the fortune of the day. You ought to be kind to us, for we have given you very little trouble.—Our commander there, is a very ſhivil perſon, gra; he don't turſt after the blood of his enemy. As for the ſoldiers, I ſhall ſay nothing; but upon my ſhoul! now they're the nimbleſt dead men I ever ſaw in the days of my life! about two minutes agone they were lying like ſo many ſlaughtered ſheep, and now they are all ſcamper'd off about their buſineſs.

MACLAYMORE.

As I ſall anſwer, it's a black burning ſhame! and I hope the king will order them to be decimated, that is, every tenth man to be hanged *in terrorem*.

OCLABBER.

By my ſhalvation! if the king will take my advice, every ſingle man of them ſhall be decimated.

SCENE

SCENE the laſt.

To them HEARTLY, leading in HARRIET.

HEARTLY.

[*Embracing Oclabber and Maclaymore.*

Gentlemen, I'm heartly glad of having an opportunity to return, in ſome meaſure, the civilities you have ſhewn to this young lady. Mr. Lyon, I beg you 'll order their ſwords to be reſtored; they were in no ſhape acceſſary to our grievances.

OCLABBER.

[*Receiving his ſword.*

Mr. Lyon, you 're extraimly polite; and I hope I ſhall never die till I have an opportunity to return the compliment. Madam, I wiſh you joy of our misfortune, with all my ſhoul.

LYON.

I a'n't uſed to make ſpeeches, Madam, but I 'm very glad it was in my power to ſerve ſuch a fine lady, eſpecially as my old ſchool-fellow, Heartly, is ſo much concerned in your deliverance. As for this fair-weather ſpark, Monſieur de Champignon, if he can't ſhew a commiſſion authorizing him to make depredations on the Engliſh, I ſhall order him to be hoiſted up to the

yard's arm by the neck as a pirate; but if he can produce his orders, he shall be treated as a prisoner of war, though not before he has restored what he pilfered from you and Mr. Heartly.

HARRIET.

At that rate I'm afraid I shall lose an admirer. You see, Monsieur de Champignon, the old proverb fulfilled; "Hanging and marriage go by destiny:" yet I should be very sorry to occasion even the death of a sinner.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, I implore your pitie and clemence; Monsieur Artlie, I am one pauvre miserable not worth your revanche.

Enter BLOCK drunk, with a portmanteau on his shoulder.

BLOCK.

Thus and no near—bear a hand, my hearts—

[*Lays it down, opens it, takes out and puts on a sawdry suit of Champignon's cloathes.*

By your leave, Tinsey—Odds heart! these braces are so tort, I must keep my yards square, as the saying is,

LYON.

Ahey!—what the devil have we got here? how now, Block?

BLOCK.

All's fair plunder between decks—we ha'n't broke bulk, I'll assure you—stand clear—I'll soon over-haul the rest of the cargo.

[*Pulls out a long leather queue with red ribbons.*

What's here? the tiller of a monkey!—s'blood the fellow has no more brains than a noddy, to leave the red ropes hanging over his stern, whereby the enemy may board him on the poop.

[*The next thing that appears, is a very coarse canvass shirt, with very fine laced ruffles.*

This here is the right trim of a Frenchman—all gingerbread-work, flourish and compliment aloft, and all rags and rottenness alow.

[*Draws out a plume of feathers.*

Adzooks! this is Mounseer's vane, that, like his fancy, veers with every puff to all the points of the compass—Hark'ee, Sam—the nob must needs be damnably light that's rigg'd with such a deal of feather. The French are so well fledg'd no wonder they are so ready to fly.

[*Finds a pocket-glass, a paper of rouge and Spanish wool, with which he daubs his face.*

Swing the swivel-ey'd son of a whore! he fights under

false colours, like a pirate—here 's a lubberly dog, he dares not shew his own face to the weather.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah! Monsieur de Belokke, ave compassion—

BLOCK.

Don't be afraid, Frenchman—you see I have hoisted your jacket, thof I struck your ensign—we Englishmen never cut throats in cold blood: the best way of beating the French is to spare all their Shampinions—Odd's heart! I wou'd all their commanders were of your trim brother; we 'd soon have the French navy at Spithead.

LYON.

But in the mean time I shall have you to the gangway, you drunken swab.

BLOCK.

Swab! I did swab the forecastle clear of the enemy, that I must confess.

LYON.

None of your jaw, you lubber.

BLOCK.

Lubber!—man and boy, twenty years in the service—lubber!—Ben Block was the man that taught thee, Tom Lyon, to hand, reef, and steer—so much for the

ſervice of Old England—but go thy ways, Ben, thy timbers are crazy, thy planks are ſtarted, and thy bottom is foul—I have ſeen the day when thou would'ſt have ſhewn thy colours with the beſt o'un.

LYON.

Peace, porpuſs.

BLOCK.

I am a porpuſs; for I ſpout ſalt-water, d'ye ſee. I'll be damn'd if grief and ſorrow ha'n't ſet my eye-pumps a going.

HARRIET.

Come, Mr. Block, I muſt make you friends with lieutenant Lyon.—As he has been your pupil, he muſt be an able navigator; and this is no time for our able ſeamen to fall out among themſelves.

BLOCK.

Why, look ye here, miſtreſs, I muſt confeſs, as how, he's as briſk a ſeaman as ever greas'd a marlinſpike—I'll turn 'un a-drift with e'er a he that reefed a foreſail—A will fetch up his leeway with a wet ſail, as the ſaying is—and as for my own part, d'ye ſee, I have ſtood by him with my blood—and my heart—and my liver, in all weathers—blow high—blow low.

HARRIET.

HARRIET.

Well, I hope you 'll live to ſee and ſail with him as an admiral.

BLOCK.

I doubt a muſt be hove down firſt, keel out of the water, miſtreſs, and be well ſcrubbed, d'ye ſee—then a may to ſee when a wool, and hoiſt the Union flag.——Stand clear, John Frenchman—"The Royal Sovereign of England will ride triumphant over the waves," as the ſong goes.

LYON.

And now for you, Monſieur Champignon.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monſieur Lionne, I ave not altogether contradicted, but, perhaps, a littel exceed my orders, which were to take one Engliſh chaloupe for intelligence.

HEARTLY.

Well—I 'm perſuaded Mr. Lyon will not be very ſevere in his ſcrutiny; and, to ſhew that we Engliſhmen can forgive injuries, and fight without malice, give me your hand—I can't part with my miſtreſs; but in

other respects I am Monsieur de Champignon's humble servant.

LYON.

I was once taken by the French, who used me nobly. —I 'm a witness of their valour, and an instance of their politeness—but there are Champignon's in every service —While France uses us like friends, we will return her civilities: when she breaks her treaties and grows insolent we will drub her over to her good behaviour—Jack Haulyard, you have got a song to the purpose that won't, I believe, be disagreeable to the company.

SONG.

I.

Behold! my brave Britons, the fair springing gale,
Fill a bumper and toss off your glasses:
Buss and part with your frolicksome lasses;
Then aboard and unfurl the wide flowing sail.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

II.

II.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,
Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;
And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

III.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!
We must mind other musick than catches;
Man our quarters, and handle our matches;
Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

IV.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
So victory follows with riches and fame.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Miſs MACKLIN.

AYE—now I can with pleaſure look around,
Safe as I am, thank heaven, on Engliſh ground—
In a dark dungeon to be ſtow'd away,
Midſt roaring, thund'ring, danger and diſmay;
Expos'd to fire and water, ſword and bullet—
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet—
I dread to think what might have come to paſs,
Had not the Britiſh Lyon quell'd the Gallic aſs—
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloiſter'd cell, or more deteſted bed,
My days in pray'r and faſting I had ſpent;
As nun or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, ſo confident and eager,
Had prov'd a meſs of delicate ſoupe—maigre;
To bootleſs longings I had fallen a martyr:
But heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a tartar.
Yet ſoft—our author's fate you muſt decree:
Shall he come ſafe to port, or ſink at ſea?
Your ſentence, ſweet or bitter, ſoft or ſore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump aſhore.—

Yo

Ye wits above restrain your awful thunder:
In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder,

[To the gal.

Safe from your shot he fears no other foe,
Nor gulph, but that which horrid yawns below,

[To the pit.

The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
Our hard embarks in a more christian cause,
He craves not mercy; but he claims applause.
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him, is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform,

[Looking round the house.

And hollow groans portend the approaching storm:
Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,

[To the gal.

And these rough billows hiss, and boil and bubble,

[To the pit.

He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

ADVICE,

AND

REPROOF:

TWO

SATIRES.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1746 AND 1747

———Sed podice levi
Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariſcæ.——
O Proceres! cenſore opus eſt an haruſpice nobis?

JUVENAL.

———nam quis
Peccandi finem poſuit ſibi? quando recepit
Ejectum ſemel attritâ de fronte ruborem?

Ibid.

A D V I C E:

A

S A T I R E.

PORT, FRIEND.

PORT.

ENOUGH, enough; all this we knew before;
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:
And who so much to sense and glory lost,
Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast!
From the pale hag, O! could I once break loose; 5
Divorc'd, all hell shall not re-tie the noose!
Not with more care shall H—— avoid his wife,
Not Cope fly swifter, lashing for his life;

3. Not Cope fly swifter.] A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.

FRIEND.

Exert your talents; nature, ever kind, 10
Enough for happineſs, beſtows on all;
'Tis ſloth or pride that finds her gifts too ſmall——
Why ſleeps the muſe?—is there no room for praiſe,
When ſuch bright names in conſtellation blaze?
When ſage Newcaſtle, abſtinently great, 15
Neglects his food to cater for the ſtate;
And Grafton, tow'ring Atlas of the throne,
So well rewards a genius like his own:
Granville and Bath illuſtrious, need I name
For ſober dignity and ſpotleſs fame; 20

15 When ſage Newcaſtle, &c.] Alluding to the philoſophical contempt which this great perſonage manifeſted for the ſenſual delights of the ſtomach.

17. And Grafton tow'ring Atlas of the throne, &c.] This noble peer, remarkable for ſublimity of parts, by virtue of his office Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colly Cibber, Eſq. a delectable bard, whoſe character has already employed, together with his own, the greateſt pens of the age.

19. Granville and Bath, &c.] Two noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the ſcorn and reproach of their country.

Or

Or Pitt th' unſhaken Abdiel yet unſung:
Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth, O Younge!

POET.

Th' advice is good; the queſtion only, whether
Theſe names and virtues ever dwelt together?
But what of that? the more the bard ſhall claim, 25
Who can create as well as cheriſh fame.
But one thing more,—how loud muſt I repeat,
To rouze th' ingag'd attention of the great
Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific bum,
Or rapt amidſt the tranſports of a drum; 30

21. Or Pitt, the unſhaken Abdiel, &c.] Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only ſeraph that preſerved his integrity in the midſt of corruption—

Among the innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduced, unterrify'd—

29. Amus'd, perhaps with C——'s prolific bum.] This alludes to a phænomenon, not more ſtrange than true. The perſon here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as ſeveral phyſicians and fellows of the Royal Society can atteſt; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his ſucceſs. Some virtuoſi affirm, that ſuch productions muſt be the effect of a certain intercourſe of organs not fit to be named.

30. Tranſports of a drum;] This is a riotous aſſembly of faſhionable people, of both ſexes, at a private houſe, conſiſting of ſome hundreds; not unaptly ſtiled a drum, from the noiſe and emptineſs of the entertainment. There are alſo drum-major, rout, tempeſt and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the ſignificant name of each declares.

While

While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell;
Nor the gaunt, growling janitor of hell.
Ev'n Atticus, (so wills the voice of fate) 35
Inshrines in clouded majesty, his state;
Nor to th' adoring croud vouchsafes regard,
Tho' priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard.
Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe? 40
Bribe him, to feast my mute-imploring eye,
With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie!
A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth;
While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day, 45
And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;
'Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot!
Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state!
Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat, 50
Who while he totters on the brink of woe,
Dares, ere he falls, attempt th' avenging blow?
A steady blow! his languid soul to feast;
And rid his country of one curse at least!

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

What! turn assassin?

POET.

Let th' assassin bleed: 55
My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
'Tis he, who lures th' unpractis'd mind astray,
Then leaves the wretch to misery, a prey;
Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
And stabs the public in her ruin'd son. 60

FRIEND.

Heav'ns how you rail! the man's consum'd by spite!
If Lockman's fate attends you, when you write;
Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:
The lower still you crawl, you 'll climb the higher.
Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd, 65
And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.
Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
And minister to him who serves a slave:
Be sure you fasten on Promotion's scale;
Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail: 70

62. Lockman's fate.] To be little read, and less approved.

Th' aſcent is eaſy, and the proſpect clear,
From the ſmirch'd ſcullion to th' embroider'd peer.
Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, poſtillion rides,
Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
Here doom'd, if nature ſtrung his ſinewy frame, 75
The ſlave (perhaps) of ſome inſatiate dame;
But if exempted from th' Herculean toil,
A fairer field awaits him, rich with ſpoil;
There ſhall he ſhine, with ming'ling honours bright,
His maſter's pathic, pimp, and paraſite; 80
Then ſtrut a captain, if his wiſh be war,
And graſp in hope, a truncheon and a ſtar:
Or if the ſweets of peace his ſoul allure,
Baſk at his eaſe in ſome warm ſinecure;
His fate in conſul, clerk, or agent, vary, 85
Or croſs the ſeas, an envoy's ſecretary:
Compos'd of falſhood, ignorance, and pride,
A proſtrate ſycophant ſhall riſe a L——d:

88. A proſtrate ſycophant ſhall riſe a L——d:] This child of dirt, (to uſe a great author's expreſſion) without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of inſulting his betters every day.

And

And won from kennels to th' impure imbrace,
Accomplish'd Warren triumph o'er disgrace. 90

POET.

Eternal infamy his name surround,
Who planted first that vice on British ground!
A vice that 'spite of sense and nature reigns,
And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!
Pollio! the pride of science and its shame, 95
The muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name!
Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
Th' indecent grotto and polluted doom!
There only may the spurious passion glow,
Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow, 100
Obscene with crimes avow'd, of every dye,
Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury:
Let Chardin with a chaplet round his head,
The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead;

90. Accomplish'd Warren.] Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called Brush Warren, from having been a shoe-black: it is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

103. Let Chardin with a chaplet round his head.] This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two roſy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

"Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write, 105
"And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white."
Worthy to feel that appetence of fame
Which rivals Horace only in his shame!
Let Isis wail in murmurs, as she runs,
Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons; 110
While dullness screens the failings of the church,
Nor leaves one sliding rabbi in the lurch:
Far other raptures let the breast contain,
Where heav'n-born taste and emulation reign.

FRIEND.

Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone 115
In thy strict censure for the breach of one?
If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:

109. Let Isis wail in murmurs as she runs, &c.] In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

111. While dullness screens, &c.] This is a decent and parental office, in which dullness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children: and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety, which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backward, to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

And

And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
A ſcore of lacquies fatten at his board : 120
To chriſtian meekneſs ſacrifice thy ſpleen,
And ſtrive thy neighbour's weakneſſes to ſcreen.

POET.

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his ſhame!
But if an impious wretch with frantic pride, 125
Throws honour, truth, and decency aſide,
If nor by reaſon aw'd, nor check'd by fears,
He counts his glories from the ſtains he bears;
Th' indignant muſe to virtue's aid ſhall riſe,
And fix the brand of infamy on vice. 130
What if arous'd at his imperious call,
An hundred foot-ſteps echo through his hall;
And on high columns rear'd his lofty dome
Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome:
What tho' whole hecatombs his crew regale, 135
And each dependant ſlumbers o'er his ale;
While the remains through mouths unnumber'd paſt,
Indulge the beggar and the dogs at laſt:
Say, friend, is it benevolence of ſoul,
Or pomp'ous vanity, that prompts the whole? 140

Thefe fons of floth who by profufion thrive,
His pride inveigled from the public hive:
And numbers pine in folitary woe,
Who furnifh'd out this phantafy of fhow.
When filent mifery affail'd his eyes, 145
Did e'er his throbbing bofom fympathize?
Or his extenfive charity pervade
To thofe who languifh in the barren fhade,
Where oft by want and modefty fuppref's'd,
The bootlefs talent warms the lonely breaft? 150
No! petrify'd by dullnefs and difdain,
Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
Nor his lewd bofom felt the focial figh!

FRIEND.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice, 155
If his hand lib'ral, owns thy merit's price.

POET.

Sooner, in hopelefs anguifh would I mourn,
Than owe my fortune to the man I fcorn!—
What new refource?

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

A thouſand yet remain
That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain: 160
Theſe arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care?
Devote thy ſtudies to th' auſpicious fair:
Of truth diveſted, let thy tongue ſupply
The hinted ſlander, and the whiſper'd lie;
All merit mock, all qualities depreſs, 165
Save thoſe that grace th' excelling patroneſs;
Trophies to her, on others' follies raiſe,
And heard with joy, by defamation praiſe:
To this collect each faculty of face,
And ev'ry feat perform of ſly grimace; 170
Let the grave ſneer ſarcaſtic ſpeak thee ſhrewd,
The ſmutty joke ridiculouſly lewd;
And the loud laugh thro' all its changes rung,
Applaud th' abortive ſallies of her tongue:
Enroll'd a member in the ſacred liſt, 175
Soon ſhalt thou ſharp in company, at whiſt;
Her midnight rites and revels regulate,
Prieſt of her love, and dæmon of her hate.

177. Her midnight rites, &c.] Theſe are myſteries performed, like thoſe of the Dea Bona, by females only; conſequently it cannot be expected that we ſhould here explain them: we have, notwithſtanding, found means to learn ſome anecdotes concerning them, which we ſhall reſerve for another opportunity.

POET.

But ſay, what recompence for all this waſte
Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taſte? 180
To ſhine confeſs'd, her zany and her tool,
And fall by what I roſe, low ridicule?
Again ſhall Handel raiſe his laurel'd brow,
Again ſhall harmony with rapture glow!
The ſpells diſſolve, the combination breaks 185
And Punch no longer Fraſi's rival ſqueaks.
Lo, Ruſſel falls a ſacrifice to whim,
And ſtarts amaz'd in Newgate from his dream:
With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid;
And ſees their favour like a viſion fade! 190

187. Lo, Ruſſel falls, &c.] A famous mimic and ſinger. The perſon here meant, by the qualifications above deſcribed, had inſinuated himſelf into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to ſet up a puppet-ſhew, in oppoſition to the oratorios of Handel, againſt whom they were unreaſonably prejudiced. But the town not ſeconding the capricious undertaking, they deſerted their manager, whom they had promiſed to ſupport, and let him ſink under the expence they had entailed upon him: he was accordingly thrown into priſon, where his diſappointment got the better of his reaſon, and he remained in all the ecſtaſy of deſpair; till at laſt, his generous patroneſſes, after much ſolicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his underſtanding, and died in the utmoſt miſery.

Is

Is this, ye faithleſs Syrens!—this the joy
To which, your ſmiles th' unwary wretch decoy?
Naked and ſhackled, on the pavement prone,
His mangled fleſh devouring from the bone;
Rage in his heart, diſtraction in his eye! 195
Behold, inhuman hags! your minion lye!
Behold his gay career to ruin run,
By you ſeduc'd, abandon'd and undone!
Rather in garret pent, ſecure from harm,
My muſe with murders ſhall the town alarm; 200
Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And ſnarl like Gutherie for the public weal,
Than crawl an inſect, in a Beldame's power,
And dread the cruſh of caprice ev'ry hour!

FRIEND.

'Tis well;—enjoy that petulance of ſtyle, 205
And, like the envious adder, lick the file:
What tho' ſucceſs will not attend on all!
Who bravely dares, muſt ſometimes riſk a fall.

199. Rather in garret, &c.] Theſe are the dreams and fictions of Grub-ſtreet, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

206. And, like the envious adder, lick the file.] This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unſucceſsful efforts of malice and envy.

Behold

Behold the bounteous board of Fortune ſpread;
Each weakneſs, Vice and Folly yields thee bread; 210
Wouldſt thou with prudent condeſcenſion ſtrive
On the long-ſettled terms of life to thrive.

POET.

What! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and perſecute my brother:
Turn uſurer, o'er *cent. per cent.* to brood, 220
Or quack, to feed like fleas, on human blood?

FRIEND.

Or if thy ſoul can brook the gilded curſe,
Some changeling heireſs ſteal——

POET.

Why not a purſe?
Two things I dread, my Conſcience and the Law.

FRIEND.

How? dread a mumbling bear without a claw? 225
Nor this, nor that is ſtandard right or wrong,
'Till minted by the mercenary tongue,
And what is Conſcience, but a fiend of Strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the ſchemes of life?

The wayward child of Vanity and Fear, 230
The peeviſh dam of Poverty and Care;
Unnumber'd woes engender in the breaſt
That entertains the rude, ungrateful gueſt.

POET.

Hail, ſacred pow'r! my glory and my guide!
Fair ſource of mental peace, what e'er betide; 235
Safe in thy ſhelter, let diſaſter roll
Eternal hurricanes around my ſoul;
My ſoul ſerene, amidſt the ſtorms ſhall reign,
And ſmile to ſee their fury burſt in vain!

FRIEND.

*Too coy to flatter, and too proud to ſerve, 240
Thine be the joyleſs dignity to ſtarve.

POET.

No;—thanks to diſcord, war ſhall be my friend;
And moral rage, heroic courage lend
To pierce the gleaming ſquadron of the foe,
And win renown by ſome diſtinguiſh'd blow. 245

* This, ſurely, occaſioned Churchill's
"Too proud to flatter, too ſincere to lye."

FRIEND,

FRIEND.

Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What difference, ſay, 'twixt him who bravely ſtood,
And him who ſought the boſom of the wood?
Invenom'd calumny the firſt ſhall brand, 250
The laſt enjoy a ribbon and command.

POET.

If ſuch be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit th' unhoſpitable ſhore.

248. What difference ſay, 'twixt him who bravely ſtood,

249. And him who ſought the boſom of the wood?] This laſt line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occaſion, who diſcovered an extreme paſſion for the cool ſhade during the heat of the day: the Hanoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

REPROOF:

R E P R O O F:

A

S A T I R E.

REPROOF:

A

SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

HOWE'ER I turn, or wherefoe'er I tread,
This giddy world ſtill rattles round my head!
I pant for ſilence ev'n in this retreat—
Good heav'n! what dæmon thunders at the gate?

FRIEND.

In vain you ſtrive, in this ſequeſter'd nook, 5
To ſhroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

POET.

An injur'd friend!—who challenges the name?
If you, what title juſtifies the claim?

Did

Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your int'reſt prop me, or your purſe relieve? 10
Or could my wants my ſoul ſo far ſubdue,
That in diſtreſs ſhe crawl'd for aid to you?
But let us grant th' indulgence e'er ſo ſtrong;
Diſplay without reſerve th' imagin'd wrong:
Among your kindred have I kindled ſtrife, 15
Deflow'r'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;
Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
Or ſoil'd with infamous reproach your name?

FRIEND.

No; but your cynic vanity (you 'll own)
Expos'd my private counſel to the town. 20

POET.

Such fair advice 'twere pity ſure to loſe;
I grant I printed it for public uſe.

FRIEND.

Yes, ſeaſon'd with your own remarks between,
Inflam'd with ſo much virulence of ſpleen,
That the mild town (to give the dev'l his due) 25
Aſcrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

POET.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallowed be the mouth
That teems with moral zeal and dauntleſs truth!
Prove that my partial ſtrain adopts one lye,
No penitent more mortify'd than I; 30
Not ev'n the wretch in ſhackles, doom'd to groan
Beneath th' inhuman ſcoffs of Williamſon *.

FRIEND.

Hold—let us ſee this boaſted ſelf-denial—
† The vanquiſh'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

POET.

What then?

FRIEND.

Your own ſarcaſtic verſe unſay, 35
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

POET.

With all my ſoul!—th' imputed charge rehearſe;
I'll own my error and expunge the verſe.

* Governor of the Tower.
† Sir John Cope.

Come, come,—howe'er the day was loſt or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run. 40
But left the truth too naked ſhould appear,
A robe of fable ſhall the goddeſs wear:
When ſheep were ſubject to the lion's reign,
Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,
Voracious wolves fierce ruſhing from the rocks, 45
Devour'd without controul th' unguarded flocks:
The ſuff'rers crouding round the royal cave,
Their monarch's pity and protection crave:
Not that they wanted valour, force or arms,
To ſhield their lambs from danger and alarms; 50
A thouſand rams the champions of the fold,
In ſtrength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,
Engag'd in firm aſſociation, ſtood
Their lives devoted to the public good:
A warlike chieftain was their ſole requeſt, 55
To marſhal, guide, inſtruct and rule the reſt:
Their pray'r was heard, and by conſent of all,
A courtier ape appointed general.—
He went, he led, arrang'd the battle ſtood,
The ſavage foe came pouring like a flood; 60
Then pug aghaſt, fled ſwifter than the wind,
Nor deign'd, in threeſcore miles, to look behind;

While

While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
And fall in ſlaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
The ſcar'd baboon (to cut the matter ſhort) 65
With all his ſpeed could not out-run Report;
And to appeaſe the clamours of the nation,
'Twas fit his caſe ſhould ſtand examination.
The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place;
All ſenior members of the horned race.— 70
The weather, goat, ram, elk and ox were there,
And a grave, hoary ſtag poſſeſs'd the chair.—
Th' inquiry paſt, each in his turn began
The culprit's conduct variouſly to ſcan.
At length, the ſage uprear'd his awful creſt, 75
And pauſing, thus his fellow chiefs addreſs'd.—

70. Horned race.] It is not to be wondered at, that this board confisted of horned cattle only, ſince, before the uſe of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with ſuch weapons as nature afforded it, conſequently those ſupplied with horns bid faireſt for ſignalizing themſelves in the field, and carrying off the firſt poſts in the army.—But I obſerve, that among the members of this court, there is no mention made of ſuch of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reaſon to ſuſpect, that theſe laſt were either out of favour with the miniſtry, laid aſide on account of their great age, or that the ape had intereſt enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

If age, that from this head its honours ſtole,
Hath not impair'd the functions of my ſoul,
But ſacred wiſdom with experience bought,
While this weak frame decays, matures my thought; 80
Th' important iſſue of this grand debate
May furniſh precedent for your own fate;
Should ever fortune call you to repel
The ſhaggy foe, ſo deſperate and fell—
'Tis plain, you ſay, his excellence Sir Ape 85
From the dire field accompliſh'd an eſcape;
Alas! our fellow-ſubjects ne'er had bled,
If every ram that fell, like him had fled;
Certes, thoſe ſheep were rather mad than brave,
Which ſcorn'd th' example their wiſe leader gave. 90
Let us, then, ev'ry vulgar hint diſdain,
And from our brother's laurel waſh the ſtain.—
Th' admiring court applauds the preſident,
And pug was clear'd by general conſent.

FRIEND.

There needs no magic to divine your ſcope, 95
Mark'd as you are a flagrant miſanthrope:
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and ſmall,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:

Let

Let virtue ſtruggle, or let glory ſhine,
Thy verſe affords not one approving line.— 100

POET.

Hail ſacred themes! the muſe's chief delight!
O bring the darling objects to my ſight!
My breaſt with elevated thought ſhall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread, 105
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
But that my ſtrain, unheard amidſt the throng,
Muſt yield to Lockman's ode and Hanbury's ſong.
Nor would th' enamour'd muſe neglect to pay
To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay; 110
The ſoul unſtain'd, the ſenſe ſublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride and ornament!
Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
The boaſted theme of Pope's immortal ſtrain.
Not ev'n the pleaſing taſk is left, to raiſe 115
A grateful monument to Barnard's praiſe;

108. Lockman's ode and Hanbury's ſong.] Two productions reſembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—*Craſſum unguentum, et ſordo cum melle papaver.*

110. Stanhope's worth.] The earl of Cheſterfield.

Else should the venerable patriot stand
Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.
The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue :
And bring fair Virtue's triumphs to the view ! 120
Alike to me, by fortune bleft or not,
From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot.
But lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,
To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene!
Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil, 125
Rapacious Gideon fastens on our isle;
Insatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck,
Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
While griping Jasper glories in his prize,
Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries. 130

122. Melting Scot.] Daniel Mackerther, Esq; a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress: Mr. Annesley, who claimed the Anglesea title and estate.

126. Gideon, Lascelles, Vaneck.] A triumvirate of contractors, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

129. Griping Jasper.] A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate interest of 50 per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamens tickets.

FRIEND.

Relaps'd again! ſtrange tendency to rail!
I fear'd this meekneſs would not long prevail.

POET.

You deem it rancour then?—Look round and ſee
What vices flouriſh ſtill, unprun'd by me:
Corruption roll'd in a triumphant car, 135
Diſplays his burniſh'd front and glitt'ring ſtar;
Nor heeds the public ſcorn, or tranſient curſe,
Unknown alike to honour and remorſe.
Behold the leering belle, careſs'd by all,
Adorn each private feaſt and public ball; 140
Where peers attentive liſten and adore,
And not one matron ſhuns the titled whore.
At Peter's obſequies I ſung no dirge;
Nor has my ſatire yet ſupply'd a ſcourge
For the vile tribes of uſurers and bites, 145
Who ſneak at Jonathan's and ſwear at White's.

139. The leering belle.] A wit of the firſt water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

143. Peter's obſequies.] Peter Waters, Eſq; whoſe character is too well known to need deſcription.

Each low purſuit, and ſlighter folly bred
Within the ſelfiſh heart and hollow head,
Thrives uncontroul'd, and bloſſoms o'er the land,
Nor feels the rigour of my chaſt'ning hand: 150
While Codrus ſhivers o'er his bags of gold,
By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
And feaſt upon the terrors of his ſoul;
The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep, 155
That curſe with hideous dreams the caitiff's ſleep;
Inſolvent debtors, thieves and civil ſtrife,
Which daily perſecute his wretched life;
With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
That rack his boſom while the mail is read. 160
Safe from the rod, untainted by the ſchool,
A judge by birth, by deſtiny a fool,
While the young lordling ſtruts in native pride,
His party-coloured tutor by his ſide,

164. His party-coloured tutor.] Whether it be for the reaſon aſſigned in the ſubſequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiſer than themſelves, I know not: but certain it is, that many people of faſhion commit the education of their heirs to ſome truſty footman, with a particular command to keep maſter out of the ſtable.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care, 165
Who to the brawny ſire commits her heir.
Fraught with the ſpirit of a Gothic monk,
Let Rich, with dulneſs and devotion drunk,
Enjoy the peal ſo barbarous and loud,
While his brain ſpues new monſters to the croud; 170
I ſee with joy, the vaticide deplore
An hell-denouncing prieſt and ſov'reign whore.
Let ev'ry poliſh'd dame, and genial lord
Employ the ſocial chair. and venal board;

170. Spues new monſters to the croud.] Monſters of abſurdity.

" He look'd, and ſaw a ſable ſorc'rer riſe,
" Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
" All ſudden, gorgons hiſs, and dragons glare,
" And ten-horn'd fiends and giants ruſh to war.
" Hell riſes, heaven deſcends, and dance on earth,
" Gods, imps and monſters, muſic, rage and mirth,
" A fire, a jig, a battle and a ball,
" 'Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all."

DUNCIAD.

174. Employ the ſocial chair.] This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality, to perform viſits, by the help of which a decent correſpondence is often maintained among people of faſhion, many years together, without one perſonal interview; to the great honour of hoſpitality and good neighbourhood.

174. Venal board.] Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every gueſt muſt pay an extravagant price for what he has.

Debauch'd

Debauch'd from ſenſe, let doubtful meanings run, 175
The vague conundrum and the prurient pun;
While the vain fop, with apiſh grin, regards
The gig'ling minx half choak'd behind her cards:
Theſe, and a thouſand idle pranks, I deem
The motley ſpawn of ignorance and whim. 180
Let pride conceive and folly propagate,
The faſhion ſtill adopts the ſpurious brat:
Nothing ſo ſtrange that faſhion cannot tame;
By this diſhonour ceaſes to be ſhame:
This weans from bluſhes lewd Tyrawly's face, 185
Gives Hawley praiſe and Ingoldſby diſgrace,
From Mead to Thompſon ſhifts the palm at once,
A meddling, prating, blund'ring, buſy dunce!
And may (ſhould taſte a little more decline)
Transform the nation to an herd of ſwine. 190

FRIEND.

The fatal period haſtens on apace!
Nor will thy verſe th' obſcene event diſgrace;

186. Hawley praiſe.] A general ſo renowned for conduct and diſcipline, that, during an action in which he had a conſiderable command, he is ſaid to have been ſeen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

Thy

Thy flow'rs of poetry, that ſmell ſo ſtrong,
The keeneſt appetites have loath'd the ſong;
Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby and Chitty, 195
And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city:
While ſagely neutral ſits thy ſilent friend,
Alike averſe to cenſure or commend.

POET.

'Peace to the gentle ſoul, that could deny
His invocated voice to fill the cry! 200
And let me ſtill the ſentiment diſdain
Of him, who never ſpeaks but to arraign;
The ſneering ſon of calumny and ſcorn,
Whom neither arts, nor ſenſe, nor ſoul adorn:
Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank, 205
Tho' conſcious of his own internal blank,
His want of taſte unwilling to betray,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe heſitates all day;
With brow contracted hears each paſſage read,
And often hums and ſhakes his empty head; 210

195. Clark, Banks, Barrowby, Chitty.] A fraternity of wits, whoſe virtue, modeſty, and taſte, are much of the ſame dimenſion.

Until

Until ſome oracle ador'd, pronounce
The paſſive bard a poet or a dunce;
Then, in loud clamour echoes back the word,
'Tis bold! insipid—ſoaring or abſurd.
Theſe, and th' unnumber'd ſhoals of ſmaller fry, 215
That nibble round, I pity and defy.

THE

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

I.

MOURN, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy ſons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie ſlaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hoſpitable roofs no more,
Invite the ſtranger to the door;
In ſmoaky ruins ſunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner ſees afar
His all become the prey of war;

Bethinks

Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then ſmites his breaſt, and curſes life.
Thy ſwains are famiſh'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy raviſh'd virgins ſhriek in vain;
Thy infants periſh on the plain.

III.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Thro' the wide ſpreading waſte of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praiſe,
Still ſhone with undiminiſh'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring ſpirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay
No more ſhall chear the happy day:
No ſocial ſcenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No ſtrains, but thoſe of ſorrow flow,
And nought be heard but ſounds of woe,

While

While the pale phantons of the ſlain
Glide nightly o'er the ſilent plain.

V.

O baneful cauſe, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The ſons, againſt their fathers ſtood,
The parent ſhed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's ſoul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn muſt feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring ſteel!

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forſaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head,
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend,
And ſtretch'd beneath the inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

VII.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Reſentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breaſt ſhall beat;
And, ſpite of her inſulting foe,
My ſympathizing verſe ſhall flow:
" Mourn, haplefs Caledonia, mourn
" Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn."

VERSES

VERSES

ON

A YOUNG LADY

Playing on a HARPSICHORD and SINGING.

I.

WHEN Sappho ſtruck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breaſt was all on fire:
And when ſhe rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive ſoul was charm'd away!

II.

But had the nymph, poſſeſt with theſe,
Thy ſofter, chaſter pow'r to pleaſe;
Thy beauteous air of ſprightly youth,
Thy native ſmiles of artleſs truth;

III.

The worm of Grief had never prey'd
On the forſaken love-ſick maid:
Nor had ſhe mourn'd an hapleſs flame,
Nor daſh'd on rocks her tender frame.

LOVE ELEGY.

In Imitation of TIBULLUS.

I.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my ſoul her wonted reſt;
Since firſt thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my penſive breaſt.

II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleaſures call,
With feſtive ſongs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or preſs her wanton in love's roſeate bower.

III.

For me, no more I 'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where ſhepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant ſhade,
To hear the muſic of the grove reſound.

IV.

IV.

I'll ſeek ſome lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where Fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And ſheeted ghoſts drink up the midnight dew:

V.

There leagued with hopeleſs anguiſh and deſpair,
A-while in ſilence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewel to Love and Care,
To kindred duſt my weary limbs conſign.

VI.

Wilt thou, Monimia, ſhed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my ſorrows reſt?
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love ſincere,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on my breaſt?

SONG.

I.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze,
On thy tranſcendent charms I gaze,
My cautious ſoul eſſays in vain
Her peace and freedom to maintain:
Yet let that blooming form divine,
Where grace and harmony combine,
Thoſe eyes, like genial orbs, that move,
Diſpenſing gladneſs, joy, and love,
In all their pomp aſſail my view,
Intent my boſom to ſubdue;
My breaſt, by wary maxims ſteel'd,
Not all thoſe charms ſhall force to yield.

II.

But, when invok'd to beauty's aid,
I ſee th' enlighten'd ſoul diſplay'd;
That ſoul ſo ſenſibly ſedate
Amid the ſtorms of froward fate!
Thy genius active, ſtrong and clear,
Thy wit ſublime, tho' not ſevere,

The

The ſocial ardour void of art,
That glows within thy candid heart;
My ſpirits, ſenſe and ſtrength decay,
My reſolution dies away,
And ev'ry faculty oppreſt;
Almighty love invades my breaſt!

SONG

I.

TO fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

II.

I know it, friend, she 's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As Winter's dreary frost unkind.

III.

She 's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she 'll neither share nor prove;
Tho' hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

IV.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

V.

V.

Ah! friend! 'tis but a ſhort-liv'd trance,
Diſpell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and, I confeſs
Thoſe looks completely curſe or bleſs.

VI.

So ſoft, ſo elegant, ſo fair,
Sure ſomething more than human's there;
I muſt ſubmit, for ſtrife is vain,
'Twas deſtiny that forg'd the chain.

BURLESQUE ODE *.

WHERE waſt thou, wittol Ward, when hapleſs Fate
From theſe weak arms mine aged grannam tore:
Theſe pious arms eſſay'd too late,
To drive the diſmal phantom from the door.
Could not thy healing drop, illuſtrious Quack,
Could not thy ſalutary pill prolong her days;
For whom, ſo oft, to Marybone, alack!
Thy ſorrels dragg'd thee thro' the worſt of ways!

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain
Thy ſteps, tho' tended by the Cambrian maids;
Nor the ſweet environs of Drury-lane;
Nor duſty Pimlico's embow'ring ſhades;
Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,
Beſet with rowers dank;
Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny ſons;
Nor where to mix with offal, ſoil and blood,
Steep Snow-hill rolls the ſable flood;
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennels runs:

* Dr. Smollett, imagining himſelf ill treated by Lord Lyttelton, wrote the above burleſque on that nobleman's monody on the death of his lady.

Ill

Ill doth it now beſeem,
That thou ſhould'ſt doze and dream,
When Death in mortal armour came,
And ſtruck with ruthleſs dart the gentle dame.
Her lib'ral hand and ſympathiſing breaſt
The brute creation kindly bleſs'd:
Where'er ſhe trod grimalkin purr'd around,
The ſqueaking pigs her bounty own'd;
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling gooſe,
Did ſhe glad ſuſtenance refuſe;
The ſtruting cock ſhe daily fed,
And turky with his ſnout ſo red;
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did ſhe overlook the tomtit or the wren;
While redbreaſt hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if ſhe common mother were of all.

For my diſtracted mind,
What comfort can I find;
O beſt of grannams! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To ſing thy dirge in ſad funereal ray,
Ah! woe is me! alack! and well-a-day!

ODE

ODE

TO

MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can ſmile with thee,
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His univerſal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden ſhower,
Lo! Darkneſs trembling 'fore the hoſtile ray
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obſcene, that own her gloomy ſway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale ſhivering ghoſts, that dread th' all-chearing light,
Quick, as the lightnings flaſh, glide to ſepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple ſtream
O'er the long proſpect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I ſee her ſit
In majeſty of light,
With laughter at her ſide.
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;

And

And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltleſs ſtrikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Paſſion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the ſuppliant Poet's prayer;
No cloud that rides the blaſt, ſhall vex the troubled air.

ODE

ODE

TO

SLEEP.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod;
Extend thy silent, soothing sway,
And charm the canker Care away.
Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king;
The glittering host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train;

Nor

Nor ſhould a milder viſion pleaſe,
Preſent the happy ſcenes of peace;
Plump Autumn, bluſhing all around,
Rich Induſtry with toil embrown'd,
Content, with brow ſerenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

ODE.

TO

LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rové,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happieſt ſwain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain,

Pure ſtream! in whoſe tranſparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents ſtain thy limpid ſource;
No rocks impede thy dimpling courſe,
That ſweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, poliſh'd pebbles ſpread;
While, lightly pois'd, the ſcaly brood
In myriads cleave thy chryſtal flood;
The ſpringing trout in ſpeckled pride;
The ſalmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthleſs pike, intent on war;
The ſilver eel, and motled par. *

* The par is a ſmall fiſh, not unlike the ſmelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

Devolving

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine;
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks ſo gayly green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be ſeen,
And laſſes chanting o'er the pail,
And ſhepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And induſtry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts reſolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The bleſſings they enjoy to guard.

ODE

TO

BLUE-EY'D ANN.

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,
And ocean's billows ceaſe to roll;
When Lybian ſands are bound in froſt,
And cold to Nova-Zembla's loſt!
When heav'nly bodies ceaſe to move,
My blue-ey'd Ann I'll ceaſe to love.

II.

No more ſhall flowers the meads adorn;
Nor ſweetneſs deck the roſy thorn;
Nor ſwelling buds proclaim the ſpring;
Nor parching heats the dog-ſtar bring;
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-ey'd Ann I ceaſe to love.

III.

No more ſhall joy in hope be found;
Nor pleaſures dance their frolick round;
Nor Love's light god inhabit earth;
Nor beauty give the paſſion birth;
Nor heat to ſummer ſunſhine cleave,
When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

IV.

When rolling ſeaſons ceaſe to change,
Inconſtancy forgets to range;
When laviſh May no more ſhall bloom;
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When Nature from her ſphere ſhall ſtart,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

ODE

TO

INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY ſpirit, Independence, let me ſhare!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy ſteps I follow with my boſom bare,
Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddeſs violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whoſe look ſublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic Superſtition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pall,
The ſons of Woden to the field defy'd:

The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquished were baptized with blood! *

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stained with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main;
When a bold savage past that way,
Impelled by Destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stopt: he gazed; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd;
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

* Baptized with blood.] Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptised ordered their throats to be cut.——Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick king of Denmark.

STROPHE.

STROPHE.

The Curlieu ſcreamed, the Tritons blew
Their ſhells to celebrate the raviſh'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence ſaw the light.
The light he ſaw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled ſtrains,
The auſpicious fruit of ſtol'n embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads ſeized with joy,
The ſmiling infant to their charge conſign'd;
The Doric muſe careſſed the favourite boy;
The hermit Wiſdom ſtored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flouriſhed bold and ſinewy as his ſire;
While the mild paſſions in his breaſt aſſuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accompliſhed thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to diſplay,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aſpiring ſoul.

On desert isles * it was he that rais'd
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her grave,
He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain †;
And cities reared, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain,
He, with the generous rustics, sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan ‡;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

* On desert isles—] Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendor.

† To burst the Iberian's double chain,] The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

‡ On Uri's rocks—] Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

STROPHE.

Arabia's ſcorching ſands he croſs'd *,
Where blaſted Nature pants ſupine,
Conductor of her tribes aduſt,
To Freedom's Adamantine ſhrine;
And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghaſt †!
He ſnatched from under fell Oppreſſion's wing;
And taught amidſt the dreary waſte
The all-chearing hymns of Liberty to ſing.
He Virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd thro' every baſer mould,
Even now he ſtands on Calvi's rocky ſhore,
And turns the droſs of Corſica to gold ‡.
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinſel livery to deſpiſe:
My lips by him chaſtiſed to truth,
Ne'er payed that homage which the heart denies.

* Arabia's ſcorching ſands—] The Arabs, rather than reſign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the deſert.

† And many a Tartar hord—] From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eaſtern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were uſed to fly into the remoter waſtes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

‡ And turns the droſs of Corſica—] The noble-ſtand made by Paſchal Paoli and his aſſociates againſt the uſurpation of the French king, muſt endear them to all the ſons of Liberty and Independence.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind,
Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow;
Where ever-dimpling Falshood pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale Profession's froth;
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppreſt:
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;

Disquiet,

Diſquiet, Doubt, and Dread ſhall intervene;
And Nature, ſtill to all her feelings juſt,
In vengeance hang a damp on every ſcene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Diſguſt.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her ſequeſtered haunts
By mountain, meadow, ſtreamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poiſed lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There, Study ſhall with Solitude recline;
And Friendſhip pledge me to his fellow-ſwains;
And Toil and Temperance ſedately twine
The ſlender chord that fluttering Life ſuſtains:
And fearleſs Poverty ſhall guard the door;
And Taſte unſpoiled the frugal table ſpread;
And Induſtry ſupply the humble ſtore;
And Sleep unbribed his dews refreſhing ſhed:
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal ſprite,
Shall chace far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preſide,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS.

ON DR. SMOLLETT'S

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

LYRIC POETRY imitates violent and ardent paſſions. It is therefore bold, various, and impetuous. It abounds with animated ſentiments, glowing images, and forms of ſpeech often unuſual, but commonly nervous and expreſſive. The compoſition and arrangement of parts may often appear diſordered, and the tranſitions ſudden and obſcure; but they are always natural, and are governed by the movements and variations of the imitated paſſion. The foregoing ode will illuſtrate theſe obſervations.

The Introduction is poetical and abrupt.

"Thy ſpirit, Independence, let me ſhare!
"Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
"Thy ſteps I follow with my boſom bare,
"Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky."

The picture exhibited in theſe lines is ſtriking, becauſe the circumſtances are happily choſen, briefly, and diſtinctly delineated. It is ſublime, becauſe the images are few, and in themſelves great and magnificent. The

"lion-

"lion-heart and eagle-eye" suggest an idea of the high spirit and commanding aspect of Independence: and the poet following with "bosom bare" denotes, in a picturesque manner, the eagerness and enthusiam of the votary. The last circumstance is peculiarly happy.

"Nor heeds the storm that howls along the sky".

It marks the scene: it is unexpected, and excites surprize: it is great and awful, and exites astonishment. Combined with the preceding circumstance, it conveys a beautiful allegorical meaning; and signifies, that a mind truly independent is superior to adversity, and unmoved by external accidents. We may observe too, in regard to the diction, that the notions of sound and motion communicated by the words "howl" and "along," contribute, in a peculiar manner, to the sublimity of the description.

"Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
"Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
"Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

These lines are written in the true spirit of Lyric poetry. Without preparing the mind by a cool artificial introduction, rising gradually to the impetuosity of passion, they assail the imagination by an abrupt and sudden impulse; they vibrate through the soul, and fire us instantaneously with all the ardour and enthusiasm of

the

the poet. Many of the odes of Horace are composed in the same spirit, and produce similar effects. Without any previous argument or introduction, in the fulness of passion and imagination, he breaks out in bold, powerful, and impetuous figures.

" Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui
" Plenum? Quae nemora aut quos agor in specus
" Velox mente nova?———
" Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem"———

The poet, full of enthusiasm and admiration, continues his prosopopeia; and, in a strain of poetry exceedingly wild and romantic, gives us the genealogy of Independence.

" A goddess violated brought thee forth,
" Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
" Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying
" clime."

According to the acceptation of our author, Liberty means the security of our lives and possessions, and freedom from external force: Independence is of higher import, and denotes that internal sense and consciousness of freedom which beget magnanimity, fortitude, and that becoming pride which leads us to respect ourselves, and do nothing unworthy of our condition. Liberty therefore is, with perfect propriety, said to be

the mother of Independence, and Disdain his father—Disdain arising from indignation against an oppressor, and triumph on having frustrated or escaped his malice. This stern personage is strongly characterized in the following direct description.

"Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
"The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest;
"The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
"And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast."

Men may enjoy liberty without independence: they may be secure in their persons and possessions, without feeling any uncommon elevation of mind, or any sense of their freedom. But if their liberty is attacked, they are alarmed, they feel the value of their condition, they are moved with indignation against their oppressors, they exert themselves, and if they are successful, or escape the danger that threatened them, they triumph, they reflect on the happiness and dignity conferred by freedom, they applaud themseves for their exertions, become magnanimous and independent. There is therefore no less propriety in deducing the origin of Independence from Disdain and Liberty, than in fixing the æra of his birth. The Saxons, according to our author, free, simple, and inoffensive, were attacked, escaped the violence of their adversary, reflected on the felicity of their condition, and learned independence.

The

The education of Independence, and the ſcene of his nativity, are ſuited to his illuſtrious lineage, and to the high atchievements for which he was deſtined.

" The light he ſaw in Albion's happy plains,
" Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
" While Philomel renewed her warbled ſtrains,
" The auſpicious fruit of ſtol'n embrace was born—
" The mountain Dryads ſeized with joy,
" The ſmiling infant to their charge conſign'd;
" The Doric muſe careſſed the favourite boy;
" The hermit Wiſdom ſtored his opening mind.'—

The imagery in theſe lines is ſoft and agreeable, the language ſmooth, and the verſification numerous.

Independence thus deſcended, and thus divinely inſtructed and endowed, diſtinguiſhes himſelf accordingly by heroic and beneficent actions.

" Accompliſh'd thus, he winged his way,
" And zealous roved from pole to pole,
" The rolls of right eternal to diſplay,
" And warm with patriot thoughts the aſpiring ſoul."

The ode may be divided into three parts. The poet ſets out with a brief addreſs to Independence, imploring his protection. He ſees, in idea, the high object of his adoration, and, tranſported by an ardent and irreſiſtible impulſe, he rehearſes his birth, education, and qualities.

ties. He proceeds, in the ſecond place, to celebrate his office and moſt renowned atchievements; and returns, at the end of the third ſtrophe, to acknowledge with gratitude the protection he had requeſted, and the power of Independence in preſerving him untainted by the debaſing influences of Grandeur, and the admiration of vain magnificence. Animated with this reflection, and conſcious of the dignity annexed to an independent ſtate of mind, he inveighs againſt thoſe "Mi-"nions of Fortune" who would impoſe upon mankind by the oſtentation of wealth, and the parade of pageantry.

"In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
"With either India's glittering ſpoils oppreſt:
"So moves the ſumpter-mule, in harneſs'd pride,
"That bears the treaſure which he cannot taſte.
"For him let venal bards diſgrace the bay;
"And hireling minſtrels wake the tinkling ſtring:
"Her ſenſual ſnares let faithleſs Pleaſure lay;
"And all her gingling bells fantaſtic Folly ring;
"Diſquiet, Doubt, and Dread, ſhall intervene;
"And Nature, ſtill to all her feelings juſt,
"In vengeance hang a damp on every ſcene,
"Shook from the baleful pinions of Diſguſt."

Theſe

These lines, embellished by fancy, and recommended to the heart by harmony, are the invective of truth and honest indignation.

In the last antistrophe the poet descends from his enthusiasm; he is less impetuous; the illustrious passions that animated and impelled him are exhausted; but they leave his mind full of their genuine and benign influences, not agitated and disordered, as if their tendency had been vicious, but glowing with self-approbation, soft, gentle, and composed.

FINIS.

HM